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SEPTEMBER, 1923 VOLUME LVIII, NO. 1

THE BOOKMAN

IN JUSTICE TO THE ILLUSTRATOR

By Julian Street

THE first illustrator I ever met was a very gifted man. I knew him when I was a youth, beginning to dream vaguely of trying to write. I used to hang around his studio and watch him block in compositions, balancing his masses and struggling for the right quality in his line; and it was through watching him and listening to him that I began to perceive the kinship existing between all works which aspire to be works of art, and to understand what "form" and "composition" mean.

Like most illustrators, this man had a fine feeling for literature. He would point out to me the likeness between writing and drawing, showing me how keen and true was the observation of big artists in both branches, and how the literary artist must block in his composition, balance his masses, and struggle to get the right quality into the pattern of his words.

He was always hard up, this old time friend of mine; he used to drink and get into various kinds of trouble; and at last, because I attempted to dissuade him from squandering a small inheritance which he received, he became angry with me.

He was, I think, the most unbalanced human being I have ever known, and certainly he was one of the most diverting and most lovable. But he was not an average illustrator. He was much more gifted than the average and much more volatile. He really had a touch of genius, and very few of them have that.

I know a great many illustrators, and with the possible exception of painters, I like them, on the whole, better than I like artists of any other kind. In the mass they are much to be preferred above writers as companions, though there are, of course, notable exceptions to this rule. But in the main it is true, and there are a number of reasons why it is true.

To begin with, the author nominally plays first fiddle in the magazine orchestra. Of course he doesn't actually play first fiddle — the advertiser does

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that — but the author *thinks* he does. The illustrator plays second fiddle to the author. The author's name appears at the head of his story in large type, the illustrator's in small type. The author gets his name on the cover of the magazine, the illustrator does not. The author's price for a short story runs into four figures, but a very modest three figures pays for the pictures. Moreover, the author gets a great deal of newspaper publicity, whereas the illustrator gets but little. Everything tends to give the author a magnified impression of his own importance, and to keep the illustrator modest and sane.

Even the most popular and highly paid illustrators earn mere pittances by comparison with the incomes of the most successful authors. The fact is that very popular authors have lately been making more money than is good for them. Easy thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, from the movies have corrupted many of them. Like labor in general, and like domestic servants, the author has shown a tendency to give less, instead of more, as his emoluments have soared. His work has, upon the whole, deteriorated.

Had illustrators been subjected to the various demoralizing influences brought to bear upon popular writers, it is not unlikely that they likewise would have lost their sense of proportion and let their art deteriorate. But luckily for them they have escaped. Most of them have remained respectable and continue to give a decent dollar's worth for every dollar received.

Illustrators are human beings *par excellence*. Their minds are provocative and their shop talk is lively and interesting. They are gregarious, and their festivities are worth while. The shows and parties given by the authors are uniformly awful, but the shows and parties of the illustrators are so good that even the attendance of authors in large numbers cannot spoil them.

As you may have perceived, I like illustrators. Some of my most delightful memories are of occasions upon which I have worked in close collaboration with them.

In the old happy, carefree days when John O'Hara Cosgrave was editor of "Everybody's Magazine", when general houseworkers received twenty-five dollars a month and were afraid of losing their jobs, when five hundred dollars was a big price for a magazine article — in those dear old days I went abroad with my family and a party of friends among whom was May Wilson Preston. I did some articles for "Everybody's" which Mrs. Preston illustrated. One of them was about the leading restaurants of Paris. Together we went forth, night after night, and gathered our nutritious and delectable material — all on an expense account!

Later, when New York was first becoming pockmarked with cabarets, James Montgomery Flagg and I did Broadway in like fashion, and still later I made two extensive journeys over the United States with Wallace Morgan, gathering notes for my books — or as, thinking of his illustrations, I may better say, *our* books — "American Adventures" and "Abroad at Home".

In each of the foregoing instances the illustrator did far more than illustrate. We planned together, observed together, selected together the material to be used. And in each instance my own notes were enormously enriched by contributions from my keen eyed companion. A good illustrator sees even more than is seen by a

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trained reporter. And no one sees with quite such perfect accuracy.

To be sure I have had, now and then, my evil hours with illustrators. The writer who throws his manuscript into the hopper of a great modern magazine must take his chances on that sort of disappointment. It will happen as long as hack illustrators exist, and as long as art editors employ them. But one should not forget, when one sees a miserable illustration, that the art editor is *particeps criminis* — that he is, as one might say, an accessory before the hack.

An author will not, as a rule, complain a great deal if his story is poorly illustrated. He may grumble about it to his wife, or to the sympathetic lady beside whom he sits at a dinner party, but that is about as far as it goes. For it is rather difficult to *prove* that an illustration is poor.

Suppose you say to the artist: "These are not the types I had in mind." He may reply: "Well, they are the types your story suggested to me" — which leaves the author rather flat, the implication being that if he knew how to write he could have made the illustrator visualize the types as he intended them.

So what the author does is this: he waits and waits, like a predatory animal, until he succeeds in catching the illustrator in a provable error. Then, when some detail of his text is definitely violated, he springs.

"Look!" he cries to the world. "Look what I wrote, and look what this fellow drew!" He reads to you from his immortal story: "Buckingham was a perfect specimen of the well groomed young American, tall, raw boned, pink cheeked, clean shaven." Then he points to the picture. "See! He drew a fat old man with a beard! Yet he has the effrontery to call himself an illustrator! Why, it's as plain as day — he never read my story!"

Though there is no denying that the illustrator ought to read the story he illustrates, it seems to me that we who attempt to read the magazines, to say nothing of writing for them and reading what we write, ought to be at least a little sympathetic with him on this score. It is a good deal to expect of him — for, as I have already said, most illustrators have a nice literary taste. And a nice literary taste is nowadays a thing so rare that even a mis-illustrated author should be able to forgive much in its possessor.

I always do.

Five times there have been published in connection with my writings pictures which did not seem to fit the text. In each instance readers blamed the illustrator. But let us see where the blame really lay.

Once I went with the late Colonel Roosevelt to Detroit to write for "Collier's Weekly" an article about his trip. It was of necessity a hasty piece of work. While I was writing, Wallace Morgan was making illustrations from verbal descriptions which I gave him. I tried to describe to him in the greatest detail the scene outside the Detroit Athletic Club when the Colonel came out of the building. It was raining; great crowds lined the walks: men lifting their hats, women waving; policemen; boy scouts drawn up to the fore, at the salute. But I forgot one point. In my article I commented upon the fact that no one in the crowd wore a silk hat, but I neglected to mention that detail to Morgan. Naturally he drew some silk hats. Of course the mistake was noticed. A newspaper columnist took it up and made Morgan out a careless illustrator — which he most emphatically is not. The whole blame be-

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longed to me and not to poor Morgan.

So also in two other cases out of the five.

The second case occurred in connection with a piece of fiction published in "McClure's Magazine". I had been at some pains to describe a woman's hair done in a certain way — two braids wrapped around the head to form a coronal. But in the illustration — which, by the way, was a peculiarly charming thing, and which now belongs to me — the girl's hair was parted in the middle and bunched out at the sides. I thought at first that the illustrator had failed to read my story carefully. But that was not it. The mistake was mine. The illustrator told me so himself. "Girls don't wear their hair that way any more," he said.

The third case was that of a story published in "The Saturday Evening Post". One of the illustrations showed a man and girl together in a drawing room. In the story I stated that the man had come up in the subway from his office to call upon the girl. The illustration showed them both in evening dress. This time, as in the preceding case, my first impression was that the illustrator had been negligent. But on reading over the text of my story I was obliged once more to change my mind. Again the fault was mine. I had not said how the man was dressed. I had merely indicated very definitely that he was a man of fashion. And what, I ask you, could be more sumptuously fashionable than a dress suit in business hours?

In the two other cases the public was to blame.

During the war, when the public would read nothing but war stories, and look at no illustrations which lacked military flavor, I foolishly wrote a tale in which there was absolutely no reference to war. In order to publish the story it was necessary for the editor of the magazine to which I sold it to get a military note into the illustrations. I had described a scene in which a beautiful woman stood on the banks of a lake, feeding swans. The art editor simply ordered the illustrator, Arthur Fosdick, to picture this scene in all its calm beauty, but to put the swans in uniform, making one of them a colonel and the other a brigadier general. Thus the story was saved. Once the reader had begun it he forgot that there was no war in it. The problem was to get him started. All credit, I say, to Arthur Fosdick, who accomplished this.

Since the war I have committed another indiscretion. I have written a story which is about nothing but war. I knew better than to do that, but it was a good story and I felt the urge to tell it. When I took it to the editor he was distressed about it. The public simply would not read about war, he said. But this time, as before, the art editor and Fosdick helped me out of the dilemma.

I had described a scene in which a beautiful woman stood beside a canteen table, feeding soldiers. Fosdick now reversed the plan under which he had worked in the preceding case. He drew the canteen scene, but made the soldiers look like swans. This was easily accomplished by giving them long necks and feathers, and by drawing the table to resemble a lake.

Of course Fosdick was blamed for having mis-illustrated the story. As I remember it, F. P. A. printed in his column in the "Tribune" a severe comment upon the illustration.

It is in justice to Fosdick, I consider one of our most able illustrators, that I have stated the facts here.

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THE WAY OF A SHIP

By Arthur Sturges Hildebrand

With Sketches by the Author

WHAT can one know of the sea from books? Three quarters of the world is water; the inhabitants of the other quarter, sitting in armchairs, dreaming of adventurous days and far horizons, read books.

Of those who write of the sea, the oceanographers come first, because they treat of elemental things; to them the sea is a field for scholarship. The radiolarian ooze at the bottom of the Tuscarora Deep is stimulating to their minds, and the simple harmonics of wave motion send them into fine and scholarly enthusiasms. This is quite proper. Yet when the oceanographers have completed their books and told their story, the sea remains a mystery. Life on the Continental Shelf still seems remote, and elaborate tables of varying salinity seem still to give no handle to the curious imagination.

The ocean meteorologists treat of storms, and thrilling suggestions haunt their pages. William Dampier wrote, in 1717: "For when the Sea Breezes have performed their Offices for the Day, by breathing on their respective Coasts, they in the Evening do either withdraw from the Coast, or lie down to Rest: then the Land Winds, whose Office is to breathe in the Night, moved by the same divine Impulse, do rouse out of their remote Recesses, and gently fan the Air till the next Morning, and then their Task ends, and they leave the Stage." But Dampier was an amateur in ocean meteorology, and would find himself left no place among the scholarly elect of later generations. To your true student of winds and weather, a heavy sea impedes research and kinks the sounding wire; a storm is a dull phenomenon, to be investigated. Much discussion of steep barometric gradients puts no spirit into the effort to save the ship.

The navigators treat glibly enough of planetary transits and the Right Ascension of the moon; they bandy words with Arcturus, and grudgingly admit a slight importance to the First Point of Aries. Yet to them the cry of "breakers ahead" is no more than a splendid chance for the application of the horizontal Danger Angle, and they ask no more of a night at sea than that it shall afford them minimum refraction and a clear nadir. They speak exhaustively of the greatest of mysteries, yet they leave the heart of the mystery untouched, and never explain to readers on the steady land how sailors know their roads and find their way. "Tonight at ten o'clock", says the Captain, "you will see a light two points on the starboard bow; that will be Cape St. Vincent." The light appears, and makes a score against incredulity, but if, by way of explanation, the Captain should hand you the textbook of navigation, you

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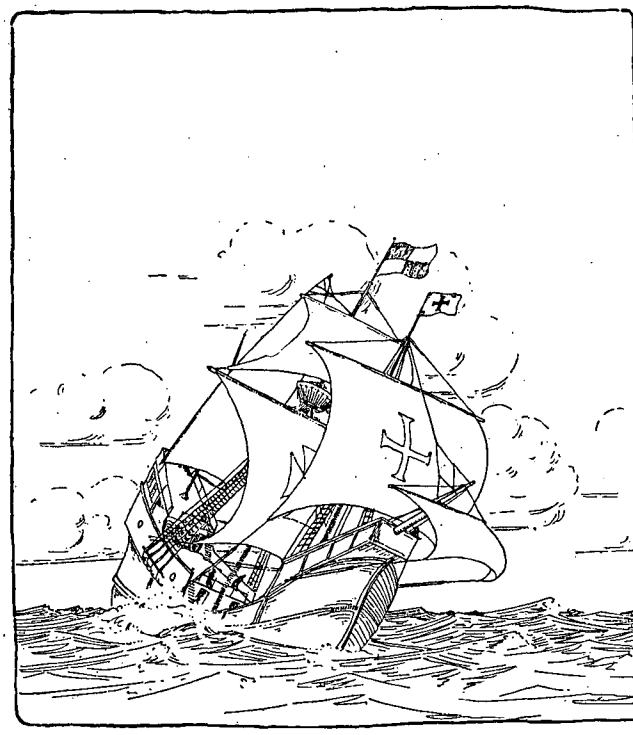

would make but a sorry business of it.

Discouragement is followed by hope. For the reader discovers that there is a branch of his subject that is known as seamanship. "The Names of the Running Rigging of a Full-Rigged Ship" greets his eager eye as he turns the pages, and his heart cries "Now!" Here, at last, is presented the knowledge that he has so longed to make his own. To heave anchor; to get under way when the tide is fair; to wear ship in heavy weather; to reef topsails; to set the main royal; to come to anchor in a crowded fairway; to clear hawse; to make a flying moor — these instructions come more near to making clear the spirit of the sea.

Yet many of these writers are innocent of grammar; they garble their technical phrases when there is most need to be clear, and there are countless obscurities which they refuse to touch upon at all. One never knows how it feels to reef topsails. There is never a hint of the clamor of a jib, as heard from the deck by a man in his bunk; the sudden quiet, the trailing and thumping blocks across the planks, the crash of the boom, the quick canting of the ship to leeward, the gathering hiss and roar of waves as she sets off again on the new tack. By the writers on seamanship such details are left to the imagination and experience of the reader — but it may be that he has had no experience, and perhaps his imagination will not awake to the description of a mere process.

The process of saving a ship from the right hand semicircle of a cyclone will awaken even the most casual, but — "haul by the wind on the starboard

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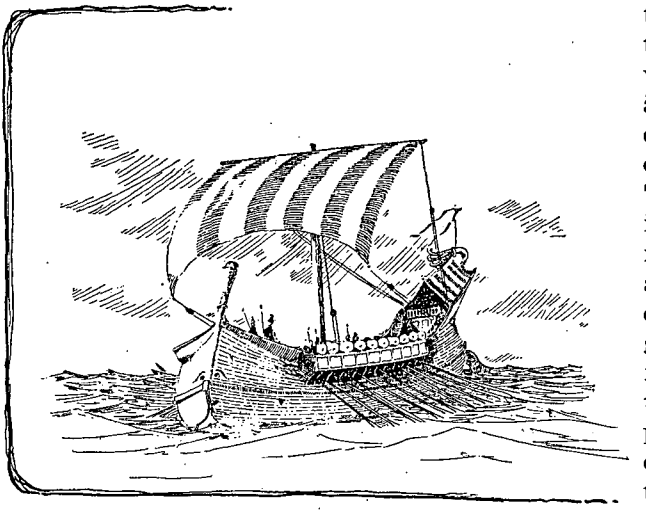

tack, and carry sail as long as possible. . . ." The reader sits in his armchair and wonders how long it is possible to carry sail; as long as his nerve holds? or longer, till the ship herself has lost her courage? If he hangs on too long, the spars will be blown out of his vessel before he can close his book; if he gives up too easily, he will stay in the path of the storm, and the waterspouts will come stamping across the sea and chase him into eternity. It is a very pretty question, and he gets no help from the books as to how he shall answer it. As to what he shall think when the glass begins to fall and the rising wind shifts clockwise, the books are silent. What wonder shall hold him when he feels the wet deck heave and subside beneath his feet, is left a matter for conjecture.

Books which treat of the ships themselves are no less disappointing. They leave the essential miracle unexplained. The form of the hull, so full of beauty and of strength, is set before you, but you are given no answer to the question as to why these things are so. Spars and sails are rigged thus, and thus, because they must endure; but what are the strains, and how they manage to endure them, are matters omitted from the text. The vital domestic arrangements, the appealing interior of the ship, are things not set forth on the drawings. The galley is empty, the cabins are not shown, and the hold is a vacant expanse of white paper, crossed by unnamed dotted lines. Long study will show you the methods of construction, but nothing ever shows the *feeling* of a ship that is driven overcanvassed through a gale of wind, nor gives to your wondering mind the explanation of the ship's strange semblance of sentient life and personality. "There be three things which are too wonderful for me, yea, four which I know not: the way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon a rock; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea; and the way of a man with a maid." The mystery is a mystery still.

The chronicles of the discoverers, of the sea rovers of ages past, are even more unsatisfying, for they come so tantalizingly close to reality. Yet they fail us none the less. The first Phœnicians who dared to push beyond the Pillars of Hercules, the Vikings, the Pilgrims on Crusades, Henry the Navigator, Vasco da Gama and Columbus, Magellan and Drake, Sir Henry Morgan, Balboa and Hudson are all alike in this, that they do not tell us how they lived. Their pages, from first to last, are filled with vague phrases that suggest but do not inform. "Thence we proceeded Westward seven

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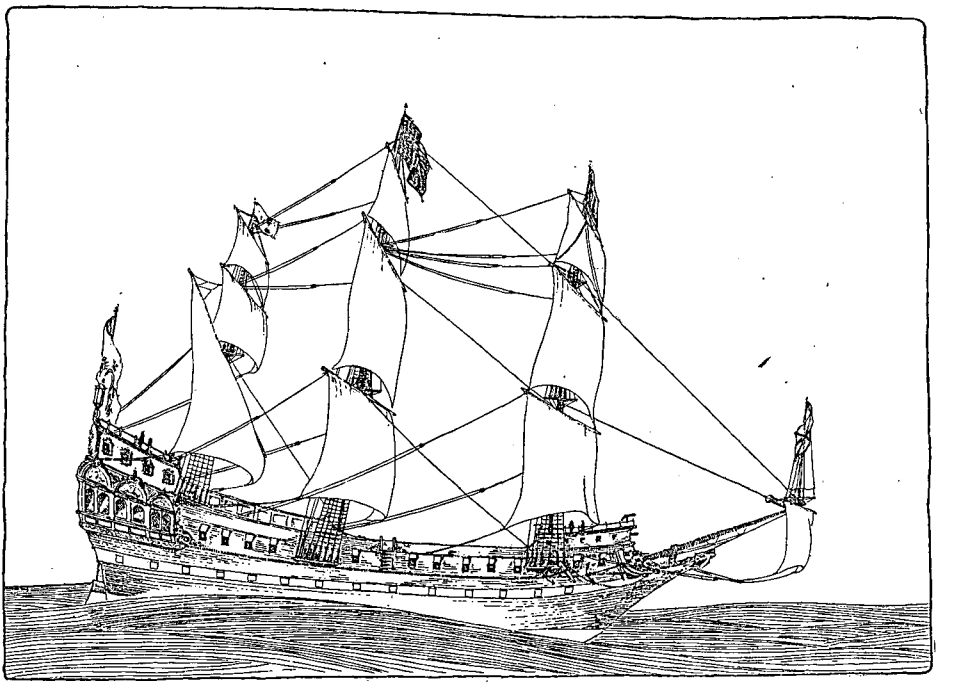

weeks, without incident," they say. But their pens betray them when they add, "and we did not lose a single man." It does not sound like a voyage without incident.

> Our paper, pens and ink, and we,
> Roll up and down our ships at sea.

But never a word more than that of daily living! "The ship laboured excessively in a monstrous great gale," they tell us; but how they bore themselves, with what demeanor they rose up and spent the day and went to bed again, how they struggled with banging sails and slatting ropes, or with what fear and apprehension they watched the combing waves roll up astern, they think it not worth while to mention.

Often they took a draftsman with them, and his drawings show the birds and plants and natives of the lands they touched upon or found; but never once has one of these put his pencil to paper to show us the state cabins on the high poop of a galleon, or the manner of life of the seamen in the forecastle. Many were gifted writers, who could tell of new adventures with a ready pen; but they do not tell us what we wish to know. If only some voyager had had the wit and foresight to sign up Daniel Defoe for a voyage around the world!

In the sixteenth century a literary discovery was made. The trick of realism was found. Thereafter, the hungry imagination was fed. Yet even so excellent a realist as Richard Henry Dana put off to a second edition, where he added it in a footnote, a word as to how the sailors of the brig "Pilgrim" took their meals.

Moreover, for three hundred years, the sea writers wrote of shipwrecks

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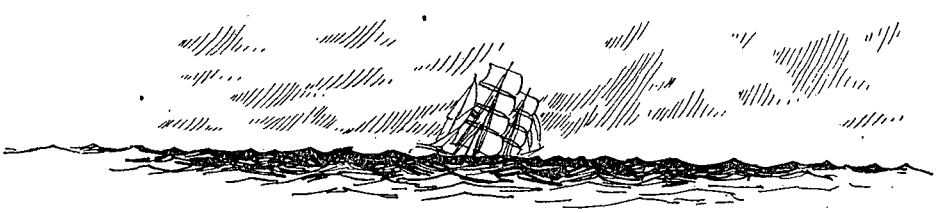
and disasters. Melville, and some other notables, are exceptions, but in the main the romancers troubled us with abnormalities. There was no story, in their view, unless the ship was lost; in those days, whoso went to sea was cast away, and floated on a raft of spars for weeks, tormented by hunger and driven mad by thirst. The carpenter was always eaten in the end. The cook, perhaps, would have been a better meal, but he was spared to stew the carpenter. In a life so fascinating, so untouched by the common things of everyday ashore, was it not strange that almost no one saw that the drama lay in the life itself? Days at sea are days of adventure for those who read of them in armchairs by the fire.

Our modern writers are more discerning. We need no longer turn the pages in vain search for the reality of life. We have realistic fiction, with no more than a normal scattering of shipwrecks and desert islands. The sea has become a background for life.

There are many who write of the sea and do not know their subject. They throw into the narrative a started butt or two, a bridge and a binnacle, a mizzentopmast preventer backstay; they sprinkle the text with phrases that seem to them to have the very taste of salt, and fancy that we are fooled. They would not take a similar liberty with the life of a farm, or a banker's office, or the seacoast of Bohemia, but here they count upon our ignorance.

Through the ranks of these Pretenders the real sailors go sailing on — such as have hauled a main brace in their time, and know the feel of a wheel in their hands; they write of the sea for us, and do not tax our invention. But from the time when Adam played on a raft until the birth of realism, the sailor sails the sea as remote, as lonely, as unknown as a phantom ship that passes endlessly across the endless circle, and never comes to land.



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LAURENCE STERNE

By Llewelyn Powys

LAURENCE STERNE himself has put it upon record that while staying as a child with Mr. Fetherston near Wicklow he fell into a mill race. It was an accident odd and riotous enough and seems somehow strangely in keeping with the great eighteenth century humorist's uncontrolled and revoluting genius. Indeed, one is almost inclined to suspect that he owed the peculiar originality of his twisted whimsical mind to nothing else but a blow on his head given to him by one of the great tumbling fans of the water wheel.

Few writers have been privileged to rouse more hostility in the hearts of the ethically complacent than Laurence Sterne. From the hour of its original publication "Tristram Shandy" has been an ever present thorn in their flesh. But not only have Puritans decried its broad mouthed humor. When Miss Monckton told Dr. Johnson that she was affected by the pathos in Sterne's writing the old lexicographer, "after rolling himself about", is said to have exclaimed, "That is because, dearest, you're a dunce." Horace Walpole found "Tristram Shandy" "a very insipid and tedious performance". Goldsmith declared it "a pert novel" and went on to say that "a bawdy blockhead often passes for a fellow of small parts and pretensions." Coleridge hit it off as "a sort of dallying with the devil", while Thackeray, that champion and mouthpiece *par excellence* of bourgeois Victorian sentiment, had the temerity to dub it "cheap dribble" and to assert that "foul satyr eyes leered out of its leaves constantly."

But in spite of such hasty misprizals the value of this extraordinary work has never been questioned by that small group of robust intellectual epicures which, in each succeeding generation, carries forward the authentic tradition of great literature. Like a time stained wooden cask of excellent, fruity red wine, mellow and palatable, "Tristram Shandy" stands in our libraries today as one of our most treasured possessions. And if our appreciation of its full bodied twang required other support we could summon some formidable names to set off against these others. William Hazlitt asserted that the character of Uncle Toby "was one of the finest compliments ever paid to the human race." Heine, Balzac, and Victor Hugo were admirers of the book, and no less a man than Goethe declared that "Sterne was one of the most emancipated spirits of his century" and went so far in his enthusiasm as to have a bust of Sterne set up in his house.

It is certain that Sterne himself had not the slightest misgiving as to the lasting worth of his writing, and in his own characteristic way he is by no means at a loss to make this fact clear to his critics. "Did you think the world itself, Sir, had contained such a number of Jack-Asses? — How they reviewed and reviewed us as we passed over the rivulet at the bottom of that little valley. Prithee, shep-

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herd! who keeps all these Jack-Asses? Heaven be their comforter! — What! are they never curried? Are they never taken in o' winter?"

"Tristram Shandy" was written when Sterne was forty-six years old. Till that time his life, which was to end in a whirl of social gaiety, had been singularly uneventful. He was educated at Jesus College, Cambridge, eking out his meagre revenue while at the university, as many an honest man has done before and since, by sweeping the courts and serving his fellow undergraduates at table. There is still to be seen in one of the lovely quadrangles of that ancient red brick college which abuts so pleasantly on Midsummer Common, the famous walnut tree under the shadow of which he and his rollicking friend "Eugenius", or Hall-Stevenson of Skelton Castle, jested and drank.

After taking his degree, and being ordained as a priest in the Church of England, he settled down to the snug living of Sutton-in-the-forest in the neighborhood of York. Little is known of his life during the next twenty years. He himself tells us it was spent with "Books, painting, fiddling and shooting." It is reported that, when he fell through the ice while skating, not one of his parishioners would come to his assistance. The story of such inhumanity naturally rouses our indignation, a legitimate emotion which, however, undergoes considerable modification when we learn that on one occasion he had kept these same people waiting in church for over an hour while he returned to his house to fetch his gun, in order to shoot a brace of partridge that he had put up in a neighboring turnip field.

From this and other anecdotes it is evident that Sterne made but a wayward country parson. Several of his unconventional entries are still to be seen in the parish register of Sutton.

In the year 1741.
Hail fell in the midst of Summer *as big as a Pidgeons egg* which unusual occurrence I thought fit to attest under my hand. L Sterne.

A. Dom. 1741.
Laid out in sushing the house £12.
Spent in shaping the rooms, plastering, under-drawing and jobbing. *God! knows how much!* L. Sterne.

It is amusing to imagine the expressions of undisguised bewilderment that must have appeared on the faces of his simple flock as they listened to some of the more rhapsodical sermons of their archly sapient incumbent. We quote from a homily written upon the return of the Prodigal Son. "Alas! How shall he tell his story? . . . the feasts and banquets which he gave the whole cities of the East etc. . . . How shall the youth make his Father comprehend that he was cheated at Damascus by one of the best men in the world, . . . that a whore of Babylon had swallowed his best pearl; that the apes and peacocks which he had sent for from Tarsus lay dead upon his hands."

Sterne kept, we are told, "a dairy farm at Sutton of seven milch cows and always sold his butter cheaper than his neighbours." Descriptions of this kind suggest that his life was extremely harmonious but, truth to say, this long retirement of his "in his thatched house" was by no means virgin of troubles. As ill luck would have it he quarreled with his uncle Dr. Sterne, and this vindictive and rapacious old gentleman did all in his power to torment his nephew. Sterne's mother, the daughter of the famous sutler Nuttle, arrived suddenly from Ireland. She had never interested herself much in her son during the diffi-

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cult period of his early life, but now that his fortunes had improved she had a mind to share his prosperity. She continually received money from Sterne and continually denied having received it. She and the uncle between them endeavored to present Sterne's filial shortcomings in the worst possible light. As soon as he got wind of her coming he scented danger, and went with the utmost expedition to meet her at Liverpool, believing that by a substantial gift he would be able to persuade her to go back. "But I was much mistaken, for though she heard me with all attention, yet as soon as she had got the money into her pocket, she told me with the air of the utmost insolence that as for going back to live in Ireland she was determined *to show me no such sport.*" Things went from bad to worse and eventually the old woman was actually put into jail for indigency, an occurrence which gave occasion to Byron to declare that Sterne "preferred whining over a dead ass to relieving a living mother."

It was doubtless the rumor of Sterne's marriage to Miss Lumley, a young woman of considerable fortune, that had roused the mother's avarice. For all her dot, however, the young lady in question soon became extremely tiresome to Sterne. He "had been forced", he said later, "into marriage by the thunder of the church to a tempest of a woman." We know that when Nathaniel Hawthorne saw a portrait of her he expressed his utter astonishment "that Sterne should have been able to live a week with such an awful woman." Undoubtedly most men would have found the undertaking an extremely hazardous one, but Laurence Sterne, as we know, had a "mercurial and sublimated composition within him" and at no period of his life was he at a loss to find consolation for his emotions. His candid friend John Croft even goes so far as to intimate that the quarrel between the uncle and nephew — those two exemplary props of the prebendal stalls of York Cathedral — originated from jealousy over a certain mistress. Whether this be true or not, it is quite clear that the author of the "Sentimental Journey" sent many "a pot of sweetmeat and honey" to this and that lady of grace and charm. Indeed we have his own word for it. "God bless them all! There is not a man on the earth that loves them so much as I do" — and again "I myself must ever have some Dulcinea in my head, it harmonises the soul."

The following soliloquy put into the mouth of Squire Shandy will probably serve to explain what was the real trouble at Sutton. "Cursed luck for a man to be master of one of the finest chains of reasoning in nature and have a wife at the same time with such a headpiece that he cannot hang up a single inference within side of it to save his soul from destruction!" The lady herself was evidently singularly free from domestic illusions, for writing to his friend Hall-Stevenson Sterne says, "She declares herself happier without me. But not in anger is this declaration made but in pure, sober, good sense built on sound experience." He had by his marriage a daughter, of whom later.

There is one interesting story connected with this period of his life. It happened that Sterne went to have his portrait painted by Christopher Steele, the notorious artist adventurer. In his studio was a young apprentice whose work so impressed the quick sighted clergyman that he would gladly have sat for him instead of his master. The apprentice was Romney.

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The first volume of "Tristram Shandy" was published in 1760. The unexpected happened. All London was set agog by the strange fantastic work, and until the day of his death seven years later Laurence Sterne was one of the most spoilt and sought after men of his day. All the fashionable world did him honor. The Bishop of Gloucester presented him with a golden purse, Lord Falconbridge presented him with the living of Coxwold, Reynolds painted his portrait, Garrick courted his friendship, and half the peerage of England were eager to invite him to their tables.

What particular quality or virtue is to be found in "Tristram Shandy" to commend it to so many minds both wise and foolish? I am of opinion that it consists in the wide, deep generous humanism of its tone, which like that same monstrous hogshead of good liquor steadies the nerves, prevents one's growing costive, and puts one in a genial latitudinarian mood with all the universe. A man who reads "Tristram Shandy" is never teasing or mean, never testy or choleric. There is a certain blunt honesty about these pages which becomes infectious. They encourage a kind of moral and intellectual moratorium wherein the good becomes bad, and the bad becomes good, and squire and vassal alike cause the whole earth to quake with a prodigious merriment. Laurence Sterne of course is the lineal descendant of Rabelais, Montaigne, Shakespeare, and Burton, of all those great heroic minds who, without making any large spiritual claims, have somehow or another managed to liberate and restore our wavering souls more than all the peevish ethical teachers put together.

Here is a wisdom that smacks of the sun itself, of the upturned sweet smelling furrows of many a great Oxmoor, of land weeds, and river weeds, and sea weeds, of great cottage loaves of home made wheaten bread, and of great leather Jacks of brown home-brewed beer.

"Heaven forbid", cried Sterne, "that the stock of chastity should be lessened by the Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy"; and indeed the book is in reality sufficiently free from prurience. When will the foolish understand that the God Priapus can never be worshiped with laughing lips? The devotees of lechery are as sour and vinegar faced as the most wretched Puritans, nothing being more potent to put lewdness out of countenance than a twinkling eye.

But Sterne saw also, like many another wise man, "that there is not so much difference between good and evil as people are apt to imagine" and that a kind of magnanimous jollity is able to cure this "scurvy and disastrous world" of most of its evil vapors; and having once come to this conclusion "his squirrel soul", as Nietzsche called it, danced and curveted it to a fine tune.

And what a realist the old rogue is! how with a touch here and a touch there he recreates for us the very atmosphere and visible appearance of Shandy Hall!

We see it all. The look of the sun warmed kitchen garden wall, with its greengages and wasps and thievish blackbirds, the look of the fish pond, of the tall yew hedge, and of the holly and thick set flowering shrubs which stood at the lower end of the bowling green. The very animals associated with the place became as familiar to us as old friends: Yorick's bidet, Obadiah's "strong monster of a coach horse", and the bull "which had somehow got himself thrust into employment for general service in the Parish

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and for whom as he went through the business with a grave face, my father had a high opinion". One comes to know the furniture of the old manor as well as one knows the appurtenances of one's own house — "the old set-stitched chair, valanced and fringed round with party-coloured worsted bobs", the old campaigning trunk filled with wigs and laced regimentals, the parlor door which "three drops of oil with a feather and a smart stroke with a hammer would have mended of its squeaking", and that "small crevice formed by a bad joint in the chimney piece".

And with what a deft and masterly stroke he has etched in his characters — the personality of Uncle Toby for instance with all its engaging idiosyncrasies! We can see him there by the fireside "smoking his pipe in mute contemplation of a new pair of black plush breeches which he had got on." We can see there this gallant old soldier, who had "never looked steadfastly into a woman's eye and would often tell my father in the simplicity of his heart that it was almost as bad as talking bawdy. 'And what if it is?' my Father would say." We seem actually to hear the simple intonation of his voice when the Squire, who was always hugely tickled by the subtlety of his own discourses, was explaining that according to Ficinas's comment upon Velasius there are two kinds of love, the one rational and the other natural. "'Pray, brother', quoth my uncle Toby, 'what has a man who believes in God to do with this?'" What inimitable scenes! How droll, how philosophical, how vastly humorous is the announcement of young master Bob's death in the kitchen. "'My young master in London is dead!' said Obadiah — We had a fat, foolish scullion, my father, I think, kept her for her simplicity. 'He is dead,' said Obadiah, 'he is certainly dead' — *'So am not I,' said the foolish scullion.*" Take the dialogue again between Dr. Slop and Susannah when for reasons of modesty that maiden expresses herself as unwilling to hold a light for the old leech as he is busy with a cataplasm for that intimate portion of Tristram's body which has been injured by the fall of the window sash. "Hold the candle and shut your eyes," cries the exasperated sesquipedal homœopath. "That's one of your popish shifts," cries Susannah. "'Tis better," says Slop with a nod, "than no shift at all, young woman."

There is a kind of downright outspokenness about Sterne's style which is peculiarly refreshing to certain readers. Consider how he describes the knots that closed so invincibly the mouth of Dr. Slop's green baize obstetrical bag. They were not bow-knots "but by these knots I am speaking of, may it please your reverence to believe, that I mean good honest, devilish tight, hard, knots, made bona fide, as Obadiah made his."

How excellent also is the description of the predicament of the Abbess of Andouillets and Margarita the novice deserted by their "chirping joyous" muleteer who had sneaked into a wayside tavern for a "scantling of Burgundy and a little chit chat". "By virtue of the muleteer's last stroke the mules had gone quietly on, following their own consciences up the hill till they had conquered about half of it, when the elder of them, a shrewd crafty old devil, at the turn of the angle, giving a side glance, and no muleteer behind her — 'By my fig!' said she swearing, 'I'll go no further' — 'And if I do,' replied the other, 'they can make a drum of my hide.'"

It is extraordinary with what a gay

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deportment Sterne confronted the final issue of life; though his lank lean figure was emaciated by consumption he trod ever with a light and jocund step. "Death herself knocked at my door — ye bade him come again; and in so gay a tone of careless indifference, did ye do it, that he doubted of his commission."

And who shall doubt his wisdom? "Time", he cries "wastes too fast; — the days and hours of it more precious, my dear Jenny, than the rubies about thy neck, are flying ever over our heads like light clouds of a windy day, never to return more — everything presses on — whilst thou art twisting that lock, — see! it grows grey."

The last seven years of Sterne's life were as clamorous as the others had been monotonous. He traveled abroad. "Qui le diable est cet hommelà, ce Chevalier Shandy?" exclaimed the French, astonished by a wit and spirit "too free for the solemn colour of his coat".

When in England, he spent his time between London and Coxwold. The latter place he called "a sweet retirement in comparison of Sutton". Sometimes he is happy driving about behind "his two long-tailed horses" or "eating my fowl and my trouts and my cream and my strawberries" and then again he is in but a pettish humor writing to his old friend Hall-Stevenson. "I rejoice you are in London rest you there in peace; here 'tis the devil — a thin death-doing pestiferous north east wind blows in a direct line fresh upon me in this cuckoldy retreat."

Back again in London he falls in love with his famous Eliza, whose husband was a certain Mr. Draper, a counselor of Bombay, and "a gentleman very much respected in that quarter of the globe". He writes a journal to her and several indiscreet letters. "My wife cannot live long . . . and I know not the woman I should like so well for her substitute than yourself."

Eliza at last goes back to Mr. Draper in India. "Indeed it was high time she should be off," comments Thackeray ill naturedly. Very different apparently was the ecclesiastical attitude of that day, for we notice that Sterne writes to Eliza that the Bishop of Cork, warm hearted and generous prelate, had not only shown his goodwill by offering Sterne a living in Ireland but "only hopes to join us together forever". How Mr. Draper and Mrs. Sterne would have regarded a desire so detached from their interests must be imagined.

The return of his daughter Lydia to England "as accomplished a slut as France can produce" somewhat consoled Sterne for his loss. It was this young lady who did so much to damage her father's reputation by her haphazard publication of his letters and private papers after his death. That she should have taken her father's venial indiscretions over lightly is hardly surprising, since during her stay in France she had constantly attended Fêtes Champêtres with none other than the eccentric Marquis of Sade as her host. Eventually she married a Frenchman called Medaille — "they do say there were pressing reasons for it" — and with less good fortune than the exacting entertainer of her youth, died fifteen years later by the guillotine in the Revolution.

In January, 1767, Sterne was back in London, once more crowding his life with fashionable engagements. "My father's children were not made to last long," he had once said, and though his zest for life remained undiminished his health grew worse and

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worse. At last he was fain to take to his bed "at the sign of the Silk Bag in old Bond Street". "My spirits are gone," he wrote — " 'tis a bad omen."

On the eighteenth of March, his name being mentioned at a crowded dinner table, a certain Mr. Crawford sent his footman to inquire how he did. The servant reached the sick man's chamber at the very moment of his death. With his wasted arm raised above his head as though to ward off the approach of something, the dying man uttered three words: "It has come."

Sterne had always wished to die "in some decent inn where the few cold offices I wanted, would be purchased with a few guineas". It is reported that those whose duty it was to prepare his body for the shroud, robbed it of all its possessions even to the gold links on his lace cuffs. Already abandoned and forgotten as he was by his powerful acquaintanceships, only two mourners were to be found to follow his corpse to its resting place in the graveyard near Tyburn. Doubtless the mean appearance of the funeral procession was responsible for what happened later.

The great wheel of time had indeed one more ghastly revolution to make. The grave was rifled by body snatchers or resurrection men, who exhumed the body and smuggled it up to Cambridge.

A week later, while an operation was being performed on a dead body by Mr. Collignon, B. M., of Trinity, one of those present suddenly fainted away. He had recognized in the subject under scientific examination the irresistible, whimsical, unmistakable features of the author of "Tristram Shandy".

LITTLE SUMMER SONG

By A. E. Whiting-Baker

DREAMING white clouds adrift in the summer skies,
Sleepy old cliffs, blue dawn, and the singing sea,
The light of a thousand dancing waves in your eyes,
For me. For me.

Out of the shimmering dawn the sheep bells call,
The hillsides dim still robed in a violet hue —
Dear little laughing girl with the azure eyes,
For you. For you.

For you do the blackbirds call in the windless dawn
And the wee green linnets sing in the leafy glade —
For you all the love in the world this sunlit morn,
Dear little laughing maid.

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THE EDGAR SALTUS I KNEW

By Sadakichi Hartmann

DID the author of "Imperial Purple" ever grant you an audience in recent years? The privilege, indeed, was extended to very few. It was easier for absolute strangers in whom the novelist had discovered some momentarily sympathetic trait to be admitted to his sanctum, somewhere near the river and upper Broadway, than for his oldtime friends of the days when Union Square was still a haunt of men of literary pursuits.

To attend Edgar Saltus's *salon solitaire* was a trifle awkward experience. It was weird and solemn. One felt a little foolish, shy and embarrassed, as one entered the spacious library, dimly lit and cluttered with books and *objets d'art*, Chinese hangings, Japanese screens, East Indian statuary. And there Edgar Saltus would sit on a sort of baldachined throne, much higher than the divans of his guests, dispense cigarettes ten inches long, read Chinese poetry and lecture, learnedly and enthusiastically, on the art ideals of the Far Orient. The "lady of his choice" (not necessarily the same one at each occasion) would bring him some treasured volume and he would declaim in a low musical voice by the hour. If you wished to say something in praise, he would raise his hands imploringly, murmuring "no admiration, please", and thereupon continue. There was never much chance for conversation. It was a sort of monologue performance. Finally he would bow out his guests in his suavest and most polite manner. Saltus was always extremely courteous, and his gestures were like hieroglyphics made with his finger tips. In his dress he was neither loud nor eccentric, but rather up to date with the latest fashion, tailormade, immaculate. With his *boutonnière* and the traditional triangle of a silk handkerchief always visible, with white socks, gloves, stovepipe, and walking stick, he impressed one as a dandy of the MacAllister era. He was picturesque without being conspicuous. His face in later years had peculiarly deep lines about the nose and mouth, only partly hidden by a heavy brown moustache — the color no doubt was due to some generous process of rejuvenation, as the author was near sixty when I saw him last.

These extraordinary séances, given but to three or four or perchance only to one fortunate mortal at a time, had something soothing about them while one was in his presence, but afterward proved strangely irritating to a sensitive observer. One asked himself, why has this man become a *recluse*, so exceptional and fastidious in his manners that it is impossible to live with him? There was a time when a fine metallic ring clung to his name and when he went about very much like the rest of us. But even in his Sorbonne days in Paris he was shy and reticent, had his own way of studying life and avoided new acquaintances. After his first marriage he disappeared entirely from public view, almost as completely as if he had been

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swallowed up by one of Ambrose Bierce's exterior ether spouts. His name became a mere memory. For a while he wrote for the "Journal". Then came long intervals of silence, and his style as a novelist deteriorated in an alarming degree. That the man who had written a "Philosophy of Disenchantment", an "Anatomy of Negation", and "The Truth about Tristrem Varick" should ever write "The Perfume of Eros", "Daughters of the Rich", and "The Paliser Case" is a tragedy in itself. No wonder that his later books attracted but little attention. He has no champions and his bibliography to this day is curiously limited. Only Percival Pollard, indefatigable in faint praise and hero worship, said a few kind words of appreciation. Also Van Vechten wrote quite amiably about the author of "Mary Magdalen" in his "Merry Go Round", paragraphs that Arthur Symons apparently appreciated so much that he borrowed from them for use in one of his literary discussions.

In the 'eighties Saltus's style resembled that of Flaubert — at least we younger men thought so. Saltus was not quite so persistent and painstaking as a sentence builder, still he wrote with a rare fluency and colorful terseness. This marmorean splendor, alas, vanished soon; it became crumby and porous, and crumbled away into formless chunks. As with so many of our great artists, his temperament was against him, and he gradually lost all contact with contemporary art and life.

There are some plants so fragile that they shrivel up when touched by human hands. In a similar manner Saltus shunned actualities, life to him was too vulgar and insincere to be worth wooing, the frivolities of routine annoyed him, everything seemed to be out of harmony with his more intimate ideals. The author had a small independent income; this more than anything else came to his undoing. If an artist is poor he is forced to make the best of life. If he is rich he can assemble influences to further the success of his work. But if he has just enough to live comfortably, carefree materially, he will retire to commune with himself; and Saltus did retire. If such hermit natures have the real stuff in them, they will continue to produce — sometimes in a fanatic delirium like the painter A. P. Ryder — but otherwise indolence and indifference will mar and destroy even the finest talent. Saltus's resurrection could be brought about only through a reprint of his earlier work.

It was in the early 'nineties that I met Saltus at various occasions. He was then about thirty-four years old. He could be met at cafés and social functions, but generally only late in the day. I do not recall ever having seen him in anything but a dress suit. At that time Robert W. Chambers, "a promising genius", exploited the Bohemia of Washington Square, and W. D. Howells received the homage of us younger men at the Everett House. Saltus came most frequently to Edgar Fawcett's (I believe) Friday Evenings. It was quite a coterie that assembled there during the midnight hours. Among them were several writers of note, Francis Saltus, Edgar's brother, Stuart Merrill, George Pellew, Russell Sturgis, a translator of some of Maupassant's stories, and many others whose names I do not remember at this moment. But I must not forget one literary curiosity. He was the American safety valve in this æsthetic crowd, and astounded us by his stories of selling "Mr. Barnes" "by the ton". What a contrast between these two

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men, one loud mouthed, purse proud, arrogant and commonplace, and the other one silent and languid like the prince of an Indian fairy tale. Saltus was rather slow of speech but fond of talking nevertheless, with a sort of subdued vehemence. There was something furtive, will o' the wisp like about his personality. At times he was strangely absentminded and self-absorbed, as if he took resource in hashish or some other drug to help him over the "dismal blanks of every-day existence".

One wintry day I saw him on Broadway · accompanied by several cats, a curious spectacle which reminded me of the legend told of Gérard de Nerval leading a live lobster on a silk ribbon along the Parisian boulevards. Already in those days, not unlike the hero of Poe's story, Saltus was exaggeratedly fond of cats. In later life this fondness became almost a mania with him. Readers of his books will recall the lawyer in "The Paliser Case", who never appears upon the scene without carrying a cat upon his shoulder. If by chance you talked to him about a cat and stopped for a moment in your story, he would urge you, "Go on, please!" and it is said of him, that he who was too aristocratic ever to go into a store to buy things for himself, would stop at the first butcher shop and purchase a piece of liver if he had just made an acquaintance with a stray cat in the street.

A strange ending to a literary career of promise.

I had expected more of Saltus than of anybody else of my contemporaries. I was doomed to disappointment. The author whose philosophy had been originally "to live without prejudice and principle" was losing his way mentally just in the opposite direction. There was more than one rift in his lute, but I shall always remember gratefully what a wonderful resonant instrument it was in the late 'eighties and early 'nineties, and what beautiful concertos he performed on it with the precision and grace of a real virtuoso.

HEIRLOOM

By Babette Deutsch

IF words as hard as jewels
I could string upon a chain,
With the color of old gardens
And the rivery voice of rain,

Then when we smile no longer,
Nor cry, nor look, nor hear,
Perhaps the son of our son
Would give it to his dear.

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JOSEPH C. LINCOLN DISCOVERS CAPE COD

By Grant Overton

ON February 13, 1870, in the town of Brewster, Massachusetts, which is on Cape Cod, there was born to Joseph Lincoln and Emily (Crosby) Lincoln a son whom they named Joseph Crosby Lincoln. The child's father was a seaman; so had been his father's father and his father's father's father; and so were all his uncles. His mother's people followed the sea. For a mile in each direction from the plain little house of the Lincolns every house contained a Cap'n. When the boy was a year old, his father died of a fever in Charleston, South Carolina. Emily Crosby Lincoln had made voyages with her husband, whose death made it necessary to move up toward Boston. In summers, however, the boy got back to the Cape with its sand dunes and cranberry bogs, its chance to fish and swim. "He rode the old stage coach from Harwick to Chatham; he knew the lightkeepers, the fishermen, the life savers, and the cracker-box oracles in the village stories. The perfume of the green salt meadows, the pungent pines and bayberries . . . the fishing boats, the dripping nets, 'the mighty surge and thunder of the surf along the shores' were part of his very existence." The description is reminiscent of Walt Whitman's account of his boyhood. "I suppose if I had been born a few years earlier, I would have had my own ship," Joseph C. Lincoln says. But the day of steam had begun. He went to school at Brewster and Chelsea. As he grew up, college was seen to be out of the question. The youth and his mother went to Brooklyn and he entered a broker's office. This work he hated. "I have always felt that they were fully as glad to get rid of me as I was to leave them." Wishing to draw, he fell under the guidance of Henry Sandham ("Hy") and went to Boston where, with another fellow, an office was opened for commercial work. To make a picture sell better, Lincoln sometimes wrote a verse or joke to go with it. Sometimes the verse or joke sold when the drawing did not. It was the day of universal bicycling. "The League of American Wheelmen Bulletin" had a circulation of over 125,000 and Sterling Elliott, its editor, offered Lincoln a job as staff illustrator. His pictures and verses were thus brought to the attention of a considerable public. He was now back in Brooklyn, having married in 1897 Florence E. Sargent, of Chelsea, Massachusetts, and he was writing verse, mostly in the vernacular of Cape Cod, for a number of publications. In 1899 the passion for bicycling began to wane and Lincoln definitely moved from Boston to New York to try to make a living as a writer on his own. He had written a first short story, a Cape Cod narrative, and sold it to "The Saturday Evening Post". That magazine, "Harper's Weekly", "The Youth's Companion", and "Puck" were taking his verse, which was sometimes in a swinging metre and sometimes humor tinctured with philosophy. In

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1902 Albert Brandt, of Trenton, New Jersey, published Lincoln's "Cape Cod Ballads", in a yellow backed volume with illustrations by E. W. Kemble. It was Lincoln's first book. Now he was writing short stories in earnest and with some success and he began a novel which could only be written by laboring at it on a corner of the dining room table from midnight on Saturdays through Sunday mornings until the manuscript was completed. It was the story of three old sea captains who, despairing of their joint efforts at housekeeping, advertised for a wife. Published in 1904 as "Cap'n Eri", this affair settled two large doubts in Lincoln's mind; first, that he could sustain the interest of readers through a long story; second, that he could make a living by writing, and by writing books.

Many have been the editions of "Cap'n Eri" since its appearance, nineteen years ago. The outline of those nineteen years in Joseph C. Lincoln's life is only pleasantly eventful. A friendship with Sewell Ford led him to become a resident of Hackensack, New Jersey. There he has built a house of "Colonial" lines, the sight of which is not good for less successful writers. A very handsome summer home stands on a terrace at Chatham, Cape Cod. In 1912 the Lincolns lived for a while in England and travelled to some extent on the Continent, visiting Switzerland. Frequently Mr. Lincoln has gone to one or another part of the United States, even unto California, to deliver, before crowded houses, his lecture on "Cape Cod Folk" or to give readings from his own books. And every year since 1904 has seen the publication of one, sometimes two, Lincoln novels.

In Hackensack Mr. Lincoln attends the Unitarian Church — he is a member of its Board of Trustees — and he was at one time a member of the Hackensack Board of Education. He used to belong to the Salmagundi Club in New York but resigned because he used the club and its privileges so little. Perhaps he still belongs to the Dutch Treat Club and to the Union League Club (in Hackensack) and he certainly belongs to the Players in New York; but in any ordinary sense of the word he is not a clubman. The family usually goes to Cape Cod in a motor car and while there Mr. Lincoln fishes and swims and sails all he can. In Hackensack golf is his principal diversion and he tries to play daily, "although there are times, particularly in my brand of golf, when there seems to be more hard work and moral strain than amusement, by a good deal." The man is a large, red cheeked, rotund and comfortable man, with a bright eye and a catching smile and a great fund of stories such as the following:

"An old salt of my acquaintance spent a recent winter in Florida and found in the fishing of the region a fascinating but pretty strenuous pastime. As a skipper of the old school he scorned modern devices for fishing, such as reels. In fact he went out to fish tarpons in good Cape Cod fashion with merely a fishing line and his own bare hands. He hooked a tarpon and for a couple of hours there was waged a terrific battle between the fish and the stubborn old Cape Codder, whose hands were torn and blistered. Proudly he exhibited his seventy-nine pound catch to the natives. 'Not much of a haul,' was their comment. 'Why, a little woman, no size at all, just brought in a tarpon that tipped the scales at 100.' Would he like to see a real fish? 'Thunder, no!' roared the Cap'n. 'Show me the woman!' "

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Hamlin Garland, the author of some accounts of American life which have not omitted the sombre, the discouraging, the bitter scenes and places, has written:

"Joseph Lincoln is not only a novelist of wide reputation, he is a public benefactor. His success has in it something heartening and corrective. In the midst of work which appeals to the base and cynical in human life (American city life) his clean, wholesome, humorous stories of Cape Cod sea captains and their neighbors give evidence of the fact that there is a huge public for decent and homely fiction, just as the success of his play, 'Shavings', is evidence that there is a paying audience for a decent and homely drama. His books can be read aloud in the family circle with joy to all the members of it — I know, for I have myself read eight or ten of them to my wife and daughters. They make no pretense of being profound, or new, or 'smart'. They are filled with the characters and the humor which are native to the Cape. Lincoln knows these Cape towns and their inhabitants as Irving Bacheller knows his men of the North Woods, for he was raised among them and lives in their neighborhood several months of each year. He looks like one of them, like an old skipper, hearty, unassuming, and kindly. The task which he has set himself is one which calls for a keen sense of character, democracy of sentiment and a fancy which never — or very seldom — loses its hold on the solid ground of experience. His plots are sometimes negligible, but his characters, even when they seem a bit repetitious, are a joy. His prosperity is well earned."

This undoubtedly expresses a general sentiment, although it does not express it so vividly as a sentence that appeared in the Los Angeles "Express":

"One enjoys a Joe Lincoln novel as one does a long, cool, thirst-quenching drink on a hot day."

However, before examining the novels themselves, it is proper to put down here some things that Mr. Lincoln has said, at one time or another, showing his attitude toward novel writing. Of course his attitude toward other kinds of fiction is a part of his general attitude, and so:

"I read all sorts of books and at all times. I don't know that I can name any particular author who may be called my favorite. I am very fond of Stevenson, for instance — but then, so I am of Kipling, except his more recent stories, which have a bit too much British Empire in them to please me, — of Mark Twain, of W. J. Locke, and many others. I think I like a story for the story's sake. I like to like my characters or dislike them in the old-fashioned way. It is for this reason perhaps that the work of such writers as Arnold Bennett, William De Morgan, Joseph Conrad, and others, of the realistic school, so-called, does not appeal to me as much as — well, as Mr. Locke's work, for instance. I realize, — no one can help realizing — the fine literary craftsmanship in a book like 'Lord Jim'. It is a wonderful piece of character mosaic, and yet in reading it I am always conscious of the literary work. I say to myself, 'This is marvelous; see how the writer is picking his hero to pieces, thought by thought, motive by motive.' And being so conscious of the writer, I do not lose myself in the story. This is not offered as a criticism; certainly I should not presume to criticize Mr. Bennett or Mr. Conrad. It is more of a confession of something lacking on

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my part. I enjoy reading 'Lord Jim', or 'The Old Wives' Tale', but I do not return to them again and again as I do to 'The Beloved Vagabond' or 'The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne'. Perhaps this is, as some of my realistically inclined friends tell me, a childish love for romance on my part. Well, perhaps it is. If it is, I can't help it; as I said, this statement is not offered as an excuse, but a confession.

"This sort of thing shows in my own stories. It would be very hard for me to write a long story which should end dismally. It is only too true that stories in real life frequently end that way, but I don't like my yarns to do so. So it is fair to presume that in whatever books I may hereafter write, the hero and the heroine will be united, virtue rewarded and vice punished, as has happened in those for which I am already responsible. Perhaps this same weakness for a story, a cheerful story, makes me care little for the so-called problem novel. It doesn't mean that I am not fond of novels dealing with certain kinds of problems. Winston Churchill's 'The Inside of the Cup' I liked immensely; but the sex problem, the divorce question, and all that sort of thing does not appeal to me. A morbid lot of disagreeable people, married or otherwise, moping and quarreling through a long story, seem to me scarcely worth while. To a specialist in nervous diseases such a study might be interesting, but I really doubt if the average healthy man or woman finds it so. Certainly we should not care to associate with such people were they living near us. We should get away from them if we could.

"Perhaps I *could* write a story with gloomy situations and an unhappy ending, but I wouldn't like to try it. I would much rather try to make people cheerful and keep myself cheerful at the same time. There's enough sorrow in this world without finding it in books.

"A man writes what he knows. If he tries anything else it must fail — show hollow. And I find that it is necessary to write to your audience — that one must consider that a large number of his readers are to be women, and he must write things that will appeal to the women of today."

"You don't mean that you would consider the women to the point of writing stuff that would be salable, and refrain from writing stuff which appealed to you, but might not be salable?"

"Well," said Mr. Lincoln, slowly, "I haven't any 'message' that I know of. I'm not much of a highbrow. I have standards, though. And if I am to do the thing I want to do, I must get my book printed. But I've never been satisfied — although I did like 'The Postmaster' pretty well."

This was ten years ago, and Mr. Lincoln has gone on, unchanging. He has the most enviable record of any living American writer. No book of his has been a failure. Some have done better than others, but with no serious qualification of the statement it can be said that each book has added to his audience, so that he has for some years been an unfailing best seller. Perhaps there has been a noticeable increase in his popularity with and since "The Portygee" (1919), which was published serially and then surprised the publishers by beating Lincoln records as a book. Or the gain may be traceable to the preceding book, "Shavings", and its successful dramatization. But in his sustained, unbroken and increasing popularity as a fictionist Mr. Lincoln has no compet-

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itor. There are others whose individual books have sold more heavily, whose total sales may be larger, but they have had lapses, and their popularity has either been impaired or lost. Even as I write the process known in the trade as "slipping" is observable, here and there, in the case of one of the most popular American authors, a person with a long record of immediate successes, one of whose work the American soldier, in 1917-18, could not apparently get enough. Time does this thing, but apparently it cannot touch, except to enhance, the passion for the work of this native of Cape Cod, who clips his words a little and sometimes says "hev" and "hed" for "have" and "had" — about whom there is even a suspicion of the Down East nasal twanging as he talks. A wholly lovable personality. He once wrote:

"Bless the children. They are the most convenient excuses in creation. Probably, if it were not for them, you wouldn't get to the zoological gardens or the aquarium or the fairy play oftener than once a year or so. And as for the circus — but that's an old story."

We have not finished, though, with the man's own account of his relation to his work.

"You can't use actual people. People aren't as dramatic in actual life as you want them to be. Of course, you may hear a phrase, or a story — you may talk with a person and get an impression and build up your character from those things. But using an actual person wouldn't work. Besides, it would be rather mean.

"In writing of a Cape Cod town or village, although I purposely refrain from describing it as any one town in particular, I have tried conscientiously to give the characteristics of Cape Cod towns I am acquainted with. The promontories and inlets and hills and marshes in 'my' Cape Cod may not be found where I have located them, but I have tried very hard to make them like those which are on the real Cape. And so with the Cape Codders in my stories. I have never knowingly drawn the exact, recognizable portrait of an individual. I have of course, received hundreds of letters from readers who inform me, in strict confidence, that they know the original of 'Cap'n ——' and recognized him at once. Nevertheless they are wrong. I have endeavored always to be true to type, and in writing of the old deep sea captain, the coasting skipper, the longshoreman, or the people of the Cape villages, I have done my best to portray each as I have seen and known specimens of his or her kind. And in attempting to transcribe the habit of language I have made it a rule never to use an expression or idiom I have not heard used by a native of the old colony."

The differentiation of the various types of seaman has been carefully made by Mr. Lincoln, and is perhaps valuable to a full appreciation of his fiction.

"The type of sea captain who figures in my stories has not necessarily an accurately corresponding type in my acquaintance. Going back to the Cape after having lived in New York and Boston, I was able to get varying angles on the lives of the men and women I had known in my childhood. The old sea captains that I remembered best as a child were of more than one character, classified according to their work. One was the dignified old man who had traveled to some faraway corner of the earth and returned prosperous, to spend the rest of his days as an autocrat among

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his own people. He had met strange peoples, he had been trusted with a ship, and, as in the days I write of there were no instantaneous means of talking across the oceans, he was shrewd at bargaining and, being one of the owners of the ship, lost no chance to bring home a cargo that would bring rich returns. In other words, he was a shrewd trader as well as a sailing master. The same dignified bearing that he used in his trade followed him on land, and, though jovial in manner, he was developed in dignity and character.

"The other type of captain was more popular with the youngsters. He may have been as shrewd, and possibly made as much money, but he was filled with a greater sense of humor, and took life as a pastime. Men of this description would gather round the stove and tell wonderful stories, though all sea captains talk shop when they get together.

"Then too there were what are termed the 'longshore captains'. These were mostly engaged in fishing, or in trading with coast towns and cities. They were necessarily more limited in their views, for they spent more time ashore, often working a good sized garden, fishing when the spirit moved, and running a schooner to New York or Boston if the chance came.

"Of all the sea captains, however, those that I knew best were those who were actually sailing in the 1870's and 1880's, and who were largely engaged in carrying oranges and lemons from Mediterranean ports. These men were really the last of our sailing captains. I have one friend in particular who was in the fruit trade, and his stories of how they crowded sail and took every risk to bring in their cargoes are many and thrilling. Fruit, of course, is highly perishable, and while it might be a valuable cargo one day, a week later it would be worthless; therefore the sea races and adventures."

In an article, "Some Samples of Yankee Shrewdness", appearing in "The American Magazine", Mr. Lincoln has recounted some actual stories of Cape Cod captains he has known. Acuity of observation, caution joined to a quality of going in head first if one goes in at all, and a singularly dry humor are a large part of the "shrewdness", as Lincoln makes it out. In the course of the article he offers this admittedly serious statement:

"In all my forty-odd years of experience with Yankees I do not remember ever having met one who habitually whittled. I have, of course, known some who whittled occasionally, when they were making a 'bow 'n' arrer' or a boat for one of the children. But I never knew one who whittled when he was making a trade." *Sic transit* the "Yankee" of one species of "fiction" and drama. But it is time to look at Mr. Lincoln's own fiction, when, perhaps, we may revert for a closing glance at the puzzle of Yankee shrewdness.

The newest Lincoln novel (1923) is "Doctor Nye of North Ostable" — Mr. Lincoln has little genius for titles, and in work of the character of his this may even be an asset. There is a comfortable assurance in knowing that one is going to read about Dr. Nye, or a place called Fair Harbor, or an individual named Keziah Coffin, or the sure-to-be-amusing process of "Extricating Obadiah". That last has a music of the syllables; it is solitary in this respect among Lincoln titles, which are also easily affected by climatic changes, so that "Galusha the Magnificent" had to be altered in England to "The Magnificent Mr. Bangs".

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But to go back to our fishing—

Ephraim Nye, M. D., a "sympathetic" hero, noble, self-sacrificing, a man with a deal of humor, has a black cloud over his past, as all North Ostable knows. The story opens with his return to that Cape Cod village. All that day Marietta Lamb ("Mary's Lamb") had been scrubbing away at a great rate in the old Dillingham house, so long untenanted, and Henry Ward Beecher Payson, in full working regalia of overalls and wooden leg (for "best"—Sundays—he had a cork leg) was busy in the yard. Miss Althea Bemis, who lived across the road and missed nothing that went on among her neighbors, asked innumerable questions, learning nothing. Judge Copeland, Cyrenus Stone, and Cap'n Mark Bearse, "natives", and "the three most influential men in North Ostable", appeared on the scene. The Judge and Stone were bitter political enemies, always flying at each other's throats. Stone, who owned the empty house, admitted to Cap'n Mark Bearse that the place was being made ready for someone whose coming would be a great surprise.

Then, at nightfall, Doctor Eph arrived in a ramshackle gig.

People sat up late that night in North Ostable. In the home of Shubal Bash discussion ran high as Shubal and his wife, Angelina, tried to tell deaf old Aunt Lindy the story of Ephraim Nye. After studying medicine, the young Ephraim had married Judge Copeland's sister, Fanny, and had returned to his native town to practise. Fanny was fond of clothes and jewels and the Doctor worked hard to give them to her. Respected and liked as he was, everyone turned against him when it was discovered that $7,000 of the $10,000 in the fund for the new meeting house, of which he was treasurer, had been stolen. The bank had exhibited a check for $7,200 signed "Ephraim Nye, Treasurer", and the Doctor admitted the check to be his. His wife was very ill at the time. After her death, which occurred shortly, Ephraim Nye was tried and sentenced to five years in State's prison. Later the money began to come back in instalments until it was all paid up. Always the sums were sent through Doctor Nye's lawyer.

The two enemies, Cyrenus Stone and Judge Copeland, have, respectively, a son and a daughter; and Tom Stone and Faith Copeland are young lovers.

The stage is now set for Mr. Lincoln's story. And immediately, in a backward glance, one gets the rapid impression that the plot consists entirely of typhoid fever. Such an impression, however, is quite unjust. "Doctor Nye" is one of the more carefully articulated (or more carefully complicated) Lincoln novels. In addition to the revelation forming the climax of the story and putting Ephraim Nye in a heroic light, there is a fully constituted early love affair for the Doctor, brought back and actively developed; there is the pair of young lovers, Tom and Faith; there is the prolonged duel between Judge Copeland and the Doctor; there is a considerable variety of minor incident essential to the movement of the plot and to its final outworking. All this, mind you, aside from the real end sought by most readers of Mr. Lincoln's work — the exposition of "characters" and the continuous oscillation into humor.

It is the humor, then, that most deserves our scrutiny; for many of the Lincoln novels, practically plotless beside such a tale as "Doctor Nye", have only the assets of their "char-

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acters" and humor to sustain a popular interest which they have not failed to feed. If there is any question about this, a glance at the technical "descriptions" of half a dozen of the books ought to settle the matter. Here, in a sentence, is what some of them simmer down to:

"Partners of the Tide." Cap'n Ezra Titcomb and young Bradley Nickerson go into the wrecking business and meet with a series of surprising adventures and difficulties.

"Cy Whittaker's Place." Old Cy Whittaker, bachelor, adopted a little girl. He and an old crony form a "Board of Strategy" for her upbringing.

"Keziah Coffin." Keziah Coffin, typical Cape Cod old maid, proves the good angel of the minister in his courtship. Incidentally, she turns out not to be incurably an old maid.

"The Postmaster." Cap'n Zeb Snow is discontented with inactivity after retiring from the sea. As postmaster he finds all the activity he wants.

"Thankful's Inheritance." Thankful Barnes and her helper Emily lose their boarders when the house proves "ha'nted", but they gain a Cape Cod sea captain and a handsome young lawyer — for life.

"Shavings." The quaint, unbusinesslike windmill maker has no success in posing as a bank robber, but his loyalty and shrewdness bring happiness to all his friends.

"The Portygee." The temperament and "calf love" of the son of a Spanish opera singer make difficulties with his Yankee grandfather.

Fundamentally, there are no plots, you see; and the material is the same calico with slightly differing patterns — some rather attractive patterns. In the higher sense of plot, not even "Doctor Nye" could be given a rating, for there is no real originality, invention, or imaginative power discernible in the story. There is a man who writes not exactly Cape Cod stories but stories of a similar region peopled by a similar race, or races, even to the Portuguese — Wilbur Daniel Steele. Mr. Lincoln's Cape Cod is no more definite a locale than Mr. Steele's Urkey Island; yet how utterly different are the two men's tales, and how far apart are their effects! Mr. Steele weaves silk and his silk sometimes shreds rather easily; he has both power of invention and imaginative power as Mr. Lincoln has not either, and the quality of drama in one of Mr. Steele's short stories — for he does no novels — makes the most exciting moment in a Lincoln novel seem very humdrum. It is true that Steele shows a tendency to mechanize his Urkey Islanders to an extent quite as great, in its different direction, as Mr. Lincoln with his Cape Codders. Nor would anyone in his senses contend that Mr. Steele's Urkey was much related to the facts of New England life; but would anyone sanely contend that Lincoln's Cape Cod is the real Cape Cod? On careful reflection, I am sure no one would argue that it is. The reality of that seaboard is not to be found in such conscientiously documented stuff as Lincoln's any more than it is to be found in intense imaginings, like Steele's; yet of the two Steele may quite well be nearer the truth — that truth which fiction constantly strives to impart to our anxious lives, a task of giving us the moment in which we hear, see, and feel within the incomprehensibility of things within and about us something ordered, significant, and beautiful.

No plots, *only complications*; but there must be admitted to be, within somewhat narrow bounds, a consider-

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able display of "characters". Although even here certain stock figures are (probably necessarily) much employed — the gossiping old maid, Mis' Somebody-or-Other; the village comedian, like Henry Ward Beecher Payson, who periodically lapses from good behavior and goes on sprees. One of the most interesting of Lincoln's portrayals is Albert in "The Portygee", a young fellow half Spanish, half New Englander, with poetic and artistic impulses. "Set there in the small hamlet, chafing at the restraints and humdrumness of the place, Albert makes a delicious contrast to the native population," says Hildegarde Hawthorne. "We understand the passionate, temperamental boy as well as his old grandfather, with his fury against all that sort of 'foolishness', because their author understands them." I cannot go so far as Hildegarde Hawthorne in praise of the variety or depth of Mr. Lincoln's characters, while cheerfully granting, as I do, their not infrequent color and whimsical charm. Often and inevitably, I suppose, in the work of one who has written two dozen books the "characters" are not *character*, but a selected idiosyncrasy or two. Often and inevitably in the case of one who is not the inexhaustible and fecund creator, like Dickens.

But there is the humor. . . .

Now we have come to it. In the first place, Mr. Lincoln shows the quick faculty evidenced from the outset by Mary Roberts Rinehart of getting the humor on every page. Mrs. Rinehart has not always practised with that intention, but Mr. Lincoln has never neglected the rapid shift of the reader's mood. To insure it, he does not hesitate to sacrifice something of his more important scenes, making them if necessary less dramatic. The common sensicality running through his stories is a solvent to drama and a feeder to the spirit of fun; if it makes it impossible for his story ever to leave the ground, it also kills to a large extent the language, or lingo, of sentimentality so called, that terrible jargon in which so much popular fiction is sugared and preserved. Mr. Lincoln pickles his stories in this salty common sensibleness, rather — a breath of Cape Cod air and a dip in the ocean brine. All his "atmosphere" is as matter of fact as a dip in the ocean, and the temperature is much more unvarying and satisfactory . . . unless you find it slightly tepid.

Humor is not so much a substance of many kinds as a substance of many transformations, a kind of energy which may go into this form or that as the energy of physics goes into heat, or light, or electricity. The energy being transformed into light or electric current usually produces more or less heat, though heat is not desired. The humor energy that enlightens or that generates ideas also has its by product in the shape of fun, and this is welcomed. But just as it is easiest to transform physical energy directly into heat, so the mental energy of humor passes most readily into pure and simple fun; and this is the transformation with which most men are best contented; this is practically the only transformation Mr. Lincoln essays. He is a funmaker, resorting without hesitation to such crude and cheerful devices as the spree in which Henry Ward Beecher Payson breaks his "Sunday best", or cork, leg. And yet fun warms the heart. We laugh inanely, and afterward we have the feeling of having laughed inanely, a sense of a slight immoderacy or excess, of a mild dissipation which perhaps has not really done us any good (though the harm be passing and

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inconsiderable); but when the moment comes we are ready to laugh just as inanely and long.

A final note on that debatable Yankee shrewdness, then. . . .

Can we not find its fruitful exercise in Mr. Lincoln's own case? I think we can. Here was a man of around thirty whose observation was keen, whose caution was used to direct him in a proper self-committal, whose own personal sense of humor was of a sufficient dryness to keep him from the easy trails of self-deception. Just as his friend, Captain Lorenzo Baker, of Wellfleet, Massachusetts, was able to discern in the casual remarks of a West Indian the commercial possibilities of the yellow banana, so Joseph C. Lincoln perceived from a token or two the personal possibilities of Cape Cod as he could put it on paper. And acuteness — or, as the Yankee says, 'cuteness — having done its work, that other trait of Yankee shrewdness, the caution which restrains and then goes in headlong, was brought into play. Mr. Lincoln committed himself wholeheartedly to his fictional enterprise. He put all his money, or rather, the energy which was his equivalent for money, on the bob tailed nag — on a little sloop which was his own boat rather than on somebody else's two masted schooner. The rest was plain sailing and persistence that could have been fatally spoiled if that inner dryness of wit and clearness of perception had ever failed him.

But he never forgot that it was his own little sloop, the sailing of which must be kept within the manœuvres she could execute. He has never, for example, tried to write the great American novel which, consciously or unconsciously, has brought up into the wind, all sails shaking and way lost, the craft of more than one of his fellow sailors.

A Yankee and shrewd, earning many rewards, including that of a very widespread affection.

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THE SKETCH BOOK

IN RESPECT TO FEMALE POETS

By Louise Townsend Nicholl

I FOUND it on a high and dusty shelf in an ancient little town in New Jersey — this big, red book, indented generously in gold with morning glories and twisty lines. It is "American Female Poets" by Miss May, published in 1848 by Lindsay and Blakiston, Philadelphia. In an oval on the red cover, also in gold, there is a serenely distracted looking young woman with hair flying Medusa-like to show divine afflatus, and with a gold rose set squarely at the beginning of her part, which is in turn squarely in the middle of her hair. She is, I *think*, nude. At any rate a large bracelet on one upper arm is the only covering one can be sure of, although it is barely possible that the many fine lines of the artist were meant to suggest tight-drawn gauzy garbing instead of skin.

In the genteel preface Miss May, in her discreet, apologetic way (so that you can almost see her, head down and eyes up coyly, smiling gingerly, and smoothing a black silk skirt with a careful finger) says:

> No women of refinement, however worthy of distinction — and the most worthy are always the most modest — like to have the holy privacy of their personal movements invaded. To say where they were born seems quite enough while they are alive. Thus, several of our correspondents declared their fancies to be their only facts; others that they had done nothing all their lives; and some — with a modesty most extreme — that they had not lived at all.

Strange that the symbol of these ladies (her calling them women in the foregoing paragraph was an exception) should be a nude woman without even a hair net to govern her most unruly waves! How quaint, how inconsistent were the conceptions of those days when the Queen, in response to the many requests to that effect, was living long! For that matter, was it entirely nice to bring to mind the questionable fact that ladies, like the rest of humankind, had to be born?

They were so much more modest — those female poets of the 'forties — than we are now! But, really and truly, did they have so much to be immodest about as we? Miss May says, in her lead, "One of the most striking characteristics of the present age is the number of female writers, especially in the department of belles-lettres." But their fame has not come down. And even the then unborn science and art of publicity would not have helped them much; their poems were not good enough. Of the seventy-three women whose poems are given, with a brief and delicate "biographical and critical notice", I had heard of only two as poets, Maria Brooks and Maria Lowell, wife of James Russell Lowell. Of Anne Bradstreet, wife of Simon Bradstreet, governor of Massachusetts Colony, with whom Miss May historically begins, I had heard, but not as a poet.

Another book very like this, though green and even bigger, and without the nude Medusa, I found on that same high dusty shelf — "Female Poets of America" by Thomas Buchanan Read, brought out in 1887 by Worthington Company, 747 Broadway,

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New York. The only other familiar names in it are those belonging to the Cary sisters, Phœbe and Alice, Julia Ward Howe, Charlotte Cushman, actress, and "Miss May" herself, Caroline by name, who did not list herself as poet in her own anthology.

A glance at the titles is enough; they tell the tale — "Lines to Grief"; "Contemplation"; "On the Death of a Young Gentleman of Great Promise"; "To an Amiable Friend Mourning the Death of an Excellent Father"; "The Obedient Love of Woman Her Highest Bliss"; "Cheerful Content"; "Infancy"; "The Cloud Where Sunbeams Soft Repose"; "He Was Our Father's Darling", and so forth. They are almost all about the same things —melancholy, religion, thwarted love, nature, grief; and they are all written in the very same way. Yet one cannot laugh. They are filled with real things — all the deeper and the more pathetic because the emotions of a lady then were so limited and so without uniqueness of expression. It hurt just as much then to have a lover jilt you, or to have a baby die, even if the trite lines which tell of it do seem to take all life and feeling quite away. Perhaps it even hurt a little worse, without more adequate relief!

Only two of the whole lot of females seem interesting now — Sara J. Clarke, who at one time "conducted The Lady's Paper for Mr. Godey of Philadelphia", and who wrote a fine, spirited rhyme about riding horseback in the morning; and Amelia B. Welby, born in Maryland in 1821, whose poems appeal much more than all the rest. She writes one to "My Sisters", in which she describes herself as "the youngest, wildest one".

And in another poem, "Seventeen", about a girl she loves, she says,

> I do not know if round her heart
> Love yet hath thrown his wing,
> I rather think she's like myself,
> An April-hearted thing.

How wonderful, how good! This one at least was not a lady — she was "an April-hearted thing"!

HENRY LAWSON, GENUINE AUSTRALIAN

By Rex Hunter

IN the New York public library are three books by Henry Lawson, the late Australian writer. Date marks and thumb marks show that they are kept steadily circulating. Percival Pollard in "Their Day in Court" mentions Lawson appreciatively, and Christopher Morley has reprinted some verses of his in the "Bowling Green" column of the New York "Evening Post". Although many Americans continue to think of Australia as a large box shaped country, mostly desert, inhabited by blackfellows and kangaroos, its most representative writer is quietly but surely becoming better known in the States. The reason lies in Lawson's humanity, his understanding of the human heart, his feeling for what is piteous, frustrated and groping in life. I shall not loosely dub him an Australian Bret Harte or Charles Dickens. Nevertheless he declared that he admired these writers above all others and that any comparison with them was the highest praise he could receive.

I first met Lawson in the offices of the Sydney "Bulletin" when I was a cub of twenty on the "Daily Telegraph", and thereafter saw him at frequent intervals. He was six feet high, lean, loose jointed and sham-

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bling. A typical Australian "corn-stalk", with burning brown eyes and a drooping mustache. He went about the streets of Sydney as if in a trance or on some urgent secret errand. When I knew him he had already become very deaf and was "hard t' talk to".

The family name was originally Larsen. Henry's father was a dapper little man much in demand at bush dances. The mother, Louisa Lawson, had something of the literary temperament without any special talent. Henry grew up in the bush, went about the country shearing sheep and doing odd jobs, drifted to the cities and learned the trade of house painting. He began contributing sketches to the "Bulletin" and very soon had a reputation. He decided to try his luck in London and just before he departed Longstaff, an able Australian painter, did a hurried portrait of him in oils, dashing it off at one sitting. This now hangs in the Sydney art gallery and is an excellent likeness.

Lawson didn't like England. The London editors patronized him heavily and he missed the Australian sunshine. In a little while he returned to Sydney.

He was one of the first genuinely Australian writers. Adam Lindsay Gordon was born in England, Victor Daley in Ireland, but Lawson was a pure product of the bush. His best known books are "When the World Was Wide, and Other Verses", "Joe Wilson and His Mates", "On the Track and Over the Sliprails", "Verses, Popular and Humorous", "When I Was King, and Other Verses", "Children of the Bush", and "While the Billy Boils". One of the stories from the latter collection, "That There Dog o' Mine", may be taken as characteristic. Macquarie the shearer had been in a drunken row from which he had escaped with three fractured ribs and a cracked head. His dog, Tally, had been a sober but savage participant and had received a broken leg. Somehow Macquarie shouldered his swag and struggled along the track ten miles to a hospital. The doctors wanted to put him to bed but they objected to Tally. Dogs were not allowed on the premises. "Macquarie rose slowly to his feet, shut his agony behind his set teeth, painfully buttoned his shirt over his hairy chest, took up his waistcoat and staggered to the corner where the swag lay." If the dog couldn't stay, he announced, he wouldn't stay. The shearer started out but collapsed and was laid on a bed. Half an hour later he was comfortably fixed up. "Where's my dog?" he asked, when he came to himself. "Oh, the dog's all right," said the nurse, rather impatiently. "Don't bother. The doctor's setting his leg out in the yard."

With all his eye for the pathos of life Lawson avoids slopping over into sentimentality. In his sketch of a bush funeral, for instance, he observes:

> I have left out the wattle — because it wasn't there. I have also neglected to mention the heart-broken old mate, with his grizzled head bowed and great pearly drops streaming down his rugged cheeks. He was absent — he was probably "Out Back". For similar reasons I have omitted reference to the suspicious moisture in the eyes of a bearded bush ruffian named Bill. Bill failed to turn up, and the only moisture was that which was induced by the heat.

As for humor and observation, consider this picture of a dog tied behind a peddler's cart:

> The dog rose with a long, weary, mangy sigh, but with a lazy sort of calculation, before his rope (which was short) grew taut — which was good judgment on his part, for his neck was sore; and his feet being tender,

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he felt his way carefully and painfully over the metal, as if he feared that at any step he might spring some treacherous, air-trigger trap-door which would drop and hang him.

And now Henry Lawson is dead, and one thinks of the prophetic words which he wrote years ago:

So at last the end has found me — (end of all the human push) —
And again in silence round me come my Children of the Bush!

RIDING BLYTHE

By Frank V. Morley

THERE was a time when there were "Oxford riders blythe". On a saint's day, when there were no lectures — such was the pleasant privilege of that time — Mr. Charles Larkyn and party, including the redoubtable Verdant Green, would take their horses from Symonds's in Holywell and sally forth. They went, perhaps, by Bablock Hythe or Swinford Bridge for Witney, and thence through Leafield to Wychwood Forest. "After exploring the recesses of the forest, with eye and ear alert for all the woodland sights and sounds, they would ride back to dine at Witney off eels fresh from the Windrush, with piles of strawberries and a bottle of passable port (for whiskies and sodas as yet were not) for dessert. Then, when the sun had dropped behind Wytham woods, and the voice of Tom came booming across Botley meadows, they would ride slowly home. But those days are gone." Oxford, as Mr. Evans in his account of Gloucester goes on to say, had not then become a "Dame school". Perhaps that has another meaning nowadays.

But there are still occasions when one escapes the routine; and so on Saturday morning at a little after four, under a misty but moonlit sky, I lit my bicycle lamps and said good morning to the sleepy porter whom I had hauled from bed to let me out of the old college. The very heart of Oxford was asleep, and I had no worry from the proctors even though without a gown. The November air was chilling to the bone, and I half drowsy from not going to bed — the ride was only planned at midnight — but after all there was a thrill that even youth will not conceal, of escaping from captivity and of spending a weekend in the Cotswolds. Even the lamps burned brighter and the light flickered and danced and winked in passing Carfax at the prospect.

For those who have not tried the Botley road at half past four in winter, I may say that it is dark, and after the protecting influence of houses is lost, that there are ghosts in plenty. That is the worst and best of England, that she is peopled by the dead. Our newer roads, from Nova Scotia to Alaska, or Maryland to Mexico, have no disembodied spirits on them who will rise to mock your passage. That very difference makes the well known charm of English fields, perhaps, by day; for then the spirits are but the little people who give to a Cotswold glade what our cold deathless vistas lack. But at night these eerie presences are malevolent, and when one is riding through an eddying mist I defy imagination to abstain from feeling them. My lights I had put out, to save the oil, and I had no wish to stop defenseless and to light them. I tried to whistle, like the Zulus, to keep the ghosts away. The whistling had a thin and plaintive tone, and with a start I remembered M. R. James, "Oh whistle and I'll come to you, my lad." I

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closed my lips, though sibilating echoes kept up the joyless tune. Then suddenly relief in pulling up at Swinford Bridge to pay the toll. Never could one pay "a ha'pence" with more pleasure. The keeper stuttered, and was deaf; but he was human, and live words were warmth and comfort.

It is perhaps a mile from that gate to Eynsham, and another six to Witney. There was still some way to go to this latter place when I had my second meeting. The fog was still swirling on the road, though one could steer by the hedgerows on either side; suddenly a Bobby detached himself like magic from a tree, flashed his light at me, and I stopped. At his polite request I lighted up.

He heard my accent as I spoke, and asked if I were a Canadian.

"No", I answered, "an American."

"Ah", he said immediately, "and what do you think of the Irish question?"

Coming at five in the morning from a British country policeman, surely that bears a stamp of interest.

By this time the moon was gone entirely, and consequently Witney was large and dark and it was hard to find the way. This is perhaps a scurvy way to treat a place where one may dine on eels and port, but truth records it as the actual impression. I was quite lost when finally rescued by a watchman guarding some government hayricks, who set me on the road for Burford. On this there was more traffic, for the cocks were crowing and laborers were going to work. Once two horses loomed up in the middle of the road, but wheeled and fled before me. Even as they clattered down the macadam road I heard a whistle and a farmer came running down a side lane after them. Gradually all their footfalls became dimmer in the distance, and for all I know, they may be running yet. Such, thought the moralist, are the pleasures of farm life.

Burford I reached at seven, and there a miracle took place. The road from Witney comes winding along the side of the hill, rather lazily overlooking the little river valley and not particularly certain just where it is going. In this uncertainty it wanders in between a few scattered houses and suddenly, so unexpectedly that you catch your breath, debouches into the famous High Street, hanging over the hill like a strip of brocade over the back of a chair, and falling down to the bridge at the bottom over the little Windrush. High Street is steep as any you will find in San Francisco, and the inhabitants of Burford must be renowned for powerful knees, like the Montenegrins.

That, however, was not the miracle. When I got to Burford it was too dark to see all this, and I was too cold and hungry to look. The first pub was just opening its doors, and without even noticing the name I went in and demanded food. Of this there was of course no possibility, and there was only one choice — Burford ale. Those great men — Marlowe and Jonson, Shakespeare and Spenser before him — says Mr. Belloc, drank beer at rising, and tamed it with a little bread. If we cannot be like the great in great things, we can at least imitate them in little. I drank a pint of the cloudy amber liquid, then paused to consider. Alas, I found I had no kin with the great even in this. Whether I had put it off too long from rising, or whether it was untamed by bread, the same held true that Mr. Belloc notes with regard to his wine of Brulé — taken in these circumstances the ale turned out to be nothing but a bitter and intolerable vinegar, which lay cold upon

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my stomach like snow upon a mountain. And yet there was some virtue in the deed (and this is the miracle), for when I came forth from the inn the day had come, and I could see fresh and clear the beauty of that street of Burford. Just for a moment the dawn had triumphed over the mists of the night, and the hillside had a peculiar morning glow which skipped the bottom of the valley, but bathed in front of me the outlines of the Cotswolds. Just for the moment this was so, and I felt as if on the brink of a discovery, as if about to see the reason for the beauties of these English names. And then the vision faded, as will the interior of a cathedral when the sun no longer shines through the warm panes. I got upon my bicycle a little sadly and coasted down the hill.

Crossing the little bridge and taking the road marked Stow, I had my first taste of the Cotswolds in walking nearly a mile up the long hill. Looking back from here, I could barely make out the outlines of the Burford Church, so thickly had the clouds come down again. And when I mounted to pedal on again, the first of a thin rain was falling, that was to dog me all the way to Stow. This was a cruel part of the ride. The roads, no longer macadam, were sometimes a blue Leicestershire grit, but more often the local oolite, an onomatopœia which well describes its properties. There is a curious affinity between the road and mind, and my oolitic mind became in five miles both dead and sodden too. Even the signposts, which showed an intelligent progression from simply "Stow" to "Stow the Wold" and then "Stow on the Wold", failed to cheer; and names which at other times are like music to the ear, Barton on the Heath, Moreton in Marsh, and Bourton on the Water, brought no hope. Lower Slaughter was the only one which I recall as raising a flicker of interest. Moreover, there is always a stiff hill to climb of a mile or more. Heavy and sodden, I trundled my machine at last into the courtyard of the Unicorn, and limped into the inn for breakfast.

That, I think, was the real miracle. Let fall the heavy knapsack, take off your trouser clips and gloves and muffler, allowing the wet collar of your coat to send little shivers up and down your back, all the more delicious in that you know they will be gone in a minute or two. You are no longer Sisyphus rolling his bicycle up endless hills, but merely the Gentleman in the Parlour, taking your ease (God bless the phrase) at an inn. Stretch out your wet and muddy feet, put them right on the grate; that delicately cherry-golden bed of coals with the three miniature logs is no roaring fire too hot to touch, but rather mild and friendly to your especial benefit. Stretch out and disconnect your mind; let it not think at all, but merely watch the fire. "Happy thinking", said Burns in numbering past pleasures. If that can be, yes; but happy unthinking seems to us in such a case the antidote, the panacea for our bad habit of unhappy thinking.

What is the magic that lies round an English breakfast? That most important function of the day has been prepared behind your chair while you muse upon the fire. Outside the rain is pelting down, the road becomes a slushy mass of muddy pools, the houses across the narrow street grow misty and fade away. Within, the fire crackles sweet conversation — to which you may listen or no without giving offense — its light reflected from the walls, the old oak sideboard, the steaming teapot on the table. See in the

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glassware little silent fires in miniature, colorful and indescribably merry. Sit down to your food, and take off the pewter cover of the dish before you. "Adam and Eve on a raft", as our phrase puts it, or plain and simple eggs on toast, surrounded by a wealth of bacon. With this and tea and toast and jam, Hovis bread in the background and a glass of milk — milk that is no more like the milk of cities than is port like soda water — I say out upon your *dinners* at an inn, such as the great writers praise. Their contentment can but last the evening out. But put thirty miles behind you in the early morning, let there be twenty in the dark and ten in rain, let it be hard upon your body and pain to your soul, and then come to breakfast; let you read with it not the new "Heloise", which Hazlitt affected, not even "Tristram Shandy" as Stevenson did, but simply the Christmas issue of "The Tatler" — then, I say, you will not worry about heaven in the after life, for you have it here.

After the meal and a Camel, which I managed to salvage from about my person, there can be more mental excitement, I grant you. Then you can finger the tattered copy of "King Solomon's Mines", the "Life of Garrick", or the handbook of Gloucestershire telling you whether the crypt or nave or what not is perpendicular and why. Or there is the "Visitors' Book", recounting Cotswold holidays and tributes to Mrs. Brookes, the hostess. You will not find many names you know, for good Englishmen are sometimes shy of such self-advertisement; but New Zealand and Australia and even Nova Scotia will be represented. And finally, when the rain lifts, you will drag yourself away with difficulty as did I, and take to bicycling again.

I had not seen much of "Stow on the Wold, where the wind blows cold", the rain forbidding. Time was when Stow Fair was the event of the surrounding country, taking place twice a year since the days of Edward IV. Now it is principally a horse fair, but one might come and see the droves of half wild ponies brought from Wales, and hear once more upon the streets that Celtic tongue which was familiar to Stow in the days of British slaves and Roman masters; familiar, perhaps, on this same road that we freewheel down and away from Stow.

For if it is always a stiff climb up to Stow, there is always a good coast down. Breakfast so elated my heart that it seemed but a moment before I came to the signpost nine miles away, known as the Four Cross Hands. The hands bear "Woster", "Oxford", "Glos-ter", and "Warwick", together with the initials N. I., and the date 1669. The initials are for Nathan Izod, and a little farther down the Warwick road on Conduit Hill we pass Westington, a hamlet where the Izods have lived continuously from the fourteenth century, and perhaps as far back as Domesday Book, which contains their name. Whence the name Izod is a mystery, popularly at least. Is it some relic of the old Celtic tongues, or some peculiarity of Campden?

Campden, Chipping Campden, lies at the bottom of the hill. It is in this respect just opposite to Stow. This was the famous Chipping, or Market, of the old Cotswold wool merchants, and its High Street was called by William Morris the finest village street in England. Campden and Burford — each has a charm of its own, each has a street full of story and surprise. Cities may heap up their effect by the mass and what someone calls the rectitudinal disposition of their highways. Effect is obtained in Campden (as in

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the High in Oxford) by a single curving street, always leaving something to the imagination around the curve, always fulfilling its promise with the right design. An unbroken continuity of stone presents a most interesting sequence of architecture. Very old is the smithy, is Grevel House, the woolstapler's hall, the almshouses, the splendid church. Some of the houses have Georgian fronts and a few are renovated with the unpleasing style always attendant on the initials VR. And in the centre of the street is a row of islands: the town hall, the war memorial, the old market hall.

It has all been painted by finer pens than mine, but there are perhaps no better cases of love at first sight. Let me but sketch one picture more. Behind the single street there are little courts, each harboring its houses with broken backed chipped stone roofs or with the warm thatch so skilfully applied in Campden. Knock with me at the gate of one of these, an old maltster's barn called now the Studio. If we go in we shall find Alec Miller, chief worker in that Guild which makes Campden, and is made by Campden, the seat of beautiful handicrafts. A charming figure in a sculptor's smock, with the red cheeks of this damp climate and plentiful black hair just grey above the temples, and a delightful Glasgow burr of speech; his work around him — known, some of it, in America; as in the gargoyles at Bryn Mawr, or the figures in some fortunate Rhode Island gardens — thus you will find the leader of his craft. He is the Master Worker of old times, the man himself and not a recrudescence; and this place is a proper setting for one who follows his craft not for the profit of it but for love.

THE OTHER VOICE

By Roberta Swartz

"GAYLY they show", I call, "in the green new grass!"
It is Ann-Elizabeth that spreads her neat dreams out,
Spreads them out smiling in the sun to dry.

Ann-Elizabeth's dreams are colored ones,
With all the buttons tight, and trimmings starched;
She has shaken them well, and spreads them out in the sun:

She's very practical about her dreams,
Ann-Elizabeth, and yet —
Someone cries out from a window above my own:
"Oh, Ann-Elizabeth, they'll fade out there!"

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THE POEMS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Genevieve Taggard

HAVE the best poets gone apart and taken a vow never again to write magazine verse? Or shall we blame the editors? Is the new vigor of the younger school going to spend itself presently in mere decorous finger exercises?

Certainly the magazines for June contain very little to prove optimistic theories by. And still I remember remarkable poems published in these same magazines and accepted by these same unregenerate editors in months past — poems I longed to exclaim over publicly.

But when I compare the best poems of the month with poetry I have seen recently that cannot find a place in print because of the timorous editor and the dull reader, I am inclined to think that important poetry had better look for fewer readers, and come out once for all in a book. Even the best poets are a little hampered by the limitations of form and subject imposed by magazine verse.

With all these reservations, then, I like best Joseph Auslander's "Heat on the Gulf" in "Voices", and two of Raymond Holden's badly named poems in "The Measure": "Though Almost Anything" and "Escape".

HEAT ON THE GULF

Yellow dazzle bludgeons the beach;
    Hot metal hammers the clanging gulf;
Shadow on silent haunches out of reach
    Broods like a black wolf.

Inarticulate, thick, the glare
    Sheets white steel from sand to sky;
A long dead glaze is riveted on the air:
    It would be well to die,

Stretched over flat deliberate sand
    Under the booming sledges of light,
Your hand touching the water's green slow hand,
    The water's hand seizing yours tight.

Joseph Auslander
—*Voices*

THOUGH ALMOST ANYTHING

Though all should rise that now are laid
Among the thoroughfares of ants,
Should shake the crumbling and the shade
As a wind shakes the gowns of plants
And stand in streamy cloaks of loam
About the wood which is their home,
I feel that I should say to her
Who ran to tell me of this thing,
With breasts aquiver and parted lips
And swiftness in her arms and hips,
'Be still! No miracles occur!
'These are but rumors which you bring!'
Yet I feel that she, like a maple seed,
Would hurry on and out of sight
Leaving my dignity and deed
To drown in warm eddies of her flight.

Raymond Holden
—*The Measure*

Then come Elinor Wylie's not quite worthy "The Persian Kitten" in "Poetry"; and the twice too long "Ditch-Diggers" by Babette Deutsch in "The New Republic" for June 13; H. D.'s "Thetis" in "Poetry", T. S. Eliot's "Sweeney Among the Nightingales" in "Vanity Fair" — its adolescent conviction encased in sophisticated porcupine quills — and Rolfe Humphries's inadequate "Inadequate" in "The Wanderer", a little lacking as a whole, but possessing a tight flexible rhythm that seems to me to be nearer the qual-

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ities of living things than the brittle consonantal rhythm and rhyme that has come to be the fashion, regardless of poetic content.

THE PERSIAN KITTEN

Lie still, my love, and do not speak, because
In silence is fulfilling of these laws;
Fastidious sorcery lives not in speech.
Let each devoutly take the hand of each,
But lightly, and without the emphasis
Of pressure, or persuasion of a kiss.

Breathe now with breath diminished to the least;
Narrow your eyelids to entreat the beast;
Make soft your glances; never show surprise
Discovering the lion in his eyes —
The little lion like a burning bush —

Approaching languidly, with *hush* and *hush*
Sighed from the padding velvet, see him crouch
And spurn the carpet for the painted couch,
Like a gilt feather on its pillows tossed.

Lie still, my love, lie still, or all is lost.

From violence of lust remote, withdrawn,
He shudders delicately to a yawn,
And with their pulses in a mute accord,
Lies down between these lovers like a sword.

Elinor Wylie
—*Poetry*

SWEENEY AMONG THE NIGHTINGALES

Apeneck Sweeney spreads his knees
Letting his arms hang down to laugh,
The zebra stripes along his jaw
Swelling to maculate giraffe.

The circles of the stormy moon
Slide westward toward the River Plate,
Death and the Raven drift above
And Sweeney guards the horned gate.

Gloomy Orion and the Dog
Are veiled; and hushed the shrunken seas;
The person in the Spanish cape
Tries to sit on Sweeney's knees

Slips and pulls the table cloth
Overturns a coffee-cup,
Reorganized upon the floor
She yawns and draws a stocking up;

The silent man in mocha brown
Sprawls at the window-sill and gapes;
The waiter brings in oranges
Bananas figs and hothouse grapes;

The silent vertebrate in brown
Contracts and concentrates, withdraws;
Rachel *née* Rabinovitch
Tears at the grapes with murderous paws;

She and the lady in the cape
Are suspect, thought to be in league;
Therefore the man with heavy eyes
Declines the gambit, shows fatigue,

Leaves the room and reappears
Outside the window, leaning in,
Branches of wistaria
Circumscribe a golden grin;

The host with someone indistinct
Converses at the door apart,
The nightingales are singing near
The Convent of the Sacred Heart,

And sang within the bloody wood
When Agamemnon cried aloud,
And let their liquid droppings fall
To stain the stiff dishonoured shroud.

T. S. Eliot
—*Vanity Fair*

INADEQUATE

Man is an unresourceful animal.
Last night I tried to watch this lovely town
Whose roofs were blue and still in the moon's beaming,
But the red and golden lights rhythmically all
Deliberately blinked and stared me down,
So I distressed, not knowing what to do,
Turning to sleep, sought better luck in dreaming;
I could not look at beauty without you.

Now here is what I wanted, beauty and all:
The moon has risen full; and you are here
Beside me, and the night is — oh, my dear,
How can we give perfection perfect praise?
We kiss.
The loving, futile gesture says
"Man is an unresourceful animal."

Rolfe Humphries
—*The Wanderer*

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THE LONDONER

Russian Publishers in Germany--Arthur Symons's Collected Works--Thomas Seccombe--Meredith--Arthur Clutton-Brock--A. A. Milne--The Summer Exodus of Writers--A New Edition of "Mark Rutherford".

LONDON, *July* 1, 1923.

I WAS talking the other day to a Russian who has started a publishing business in Germany during the last year or two; and I was surprised to learn that there are more than thirty Russian publishing firms in Berlin alone. These firms for the most part have been established since the war, and they have been engaged in producing either reprints of standard Russian works or the books of Russian authors exiled through their hostility to Bolshevik rule or through their inability to earn a living at the present time in Russia. The number of Russians scattered over the surface of the earth was given to me as not less than ten millions, and it will thus be seen how great an extra-Russian public there has lately been for Russian books in the Russian language. I take it also that many of the publications of these firms have been in the nature of anti Bolshevik propaganda. At any rate, there is at the present time a crisis in the Berlin printing trade, brought about solely by slackening of the enormous Russian publishing activity. This slackening, due to the fact that the extra-Russian public is not in a financial position to buy a limitless number of books, has brought the German printers to a standstill. What are they to do? The position seems difficult in the extreme. A way out is being sought in approaches to English publishing firms, who are told that if they will indicate a style which must be exactly followed, the German firms will actually obtain the type from England and will produce the books in the English manner. And as an argument in favor of this scheme the present rate of exchange is quoted, giving the English publisher a book at something less than half the price which it would cost him to have it set up and printed in this country. There are, however, several difficulties in this scheme, as one who has gone carefully into the figures assures me. There is in the first place the heavy cost of carriage, to which must be added the interminable delays with proofs and deliveries of the completed book, the heavy cost of corrections, risks of all sorts, the impossibility of making one's self understood by somebody who speaks a foreign language and does not understand the technical terms in use among English printers and publishers, and so on. Some of these objections may seem to be frivolous, but they must enter into any calculation of advantages and disadvantages. And finally, which is much more important (setting aside all questions of principle, and regarding the whole thing as an experiment), I am assured that the apparent saving in cost is illusory. When all the details have been examined (as they have been examined by my informant) it is discovered that there is so little saving in actual money, and so much loss in time and temper, that any advantage in superficial price is nullified and even ex-

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ceeded. This method of saving the German printers, therefore, at the expense of our own, must be abandoned. Experience of offers made from Czecho-Slovakia and Austria (where the excellent color printing gave some promise of advantage other than commercial) has been exactly similar. Those firms who have tried the experiment with illustrations have been glad to return to the English houses, by whom at least they can make themselves understood, and from whom at least they are able to obtain the goods within some reasonable period after the order has been placed. I can remember a book which had to be printed in France before the war, because the French printer had some rights in a prime feature of the work. It took months to obtain the sheets, and many cross-Channel telephonic communications and many cross-Channel voyages, even, had occurred before this triumph was achieved. The French printer answered no inconvenient letters at all. He took refuge, when answer was demanded by word of mouth, in the assertion that he had not received the letters or that he had not understood that he had been expected to send any answer. When at last the book was completed, the English printers said of this French printer what the English printer said of Dr. Johnson: "Thank God I have done with him!" The book was a success, and might have been reprinted; but the mere thought of going again through all the torture of the first edition makes the English publishers tremble. Wild horses would not drag them to reprint the book. They would rather die.

* * * *

I mentioned the other month that there was a possibility of a new collected edition of the work of Arthur Symons. I am glad to hear that all difficulties in the way of this edition have been overcome, and that it will shortly begin to appear. The number of volumes is not yet communicated to me, but I understand that the edition will be limited to five hundred sets for England and America. Those who wish to possess themselves of the edition will do well, therefore, to make sure of it without delay. I do not know what sort of following Symons has in America, but in England there is sure to be something of a "centenary celebration". I really think the publisher, who is Martin Secker, deserves something of a welcome for the ingenious enterprise, which is considerably more than a commercial business. By collecting Symons he is snatching from oblivion a fine writer who has of late been much neglected. And in a collected edition Symons will stand out, not as a survival of the 'nineties, but as a writer of genuine importance upon his own account. When I recall the position he held twenty years ago, and when I compare that with the rare and casual appearances which the author makes at the present time in our public prints, I am amazed at the carelessness with which we allow a most sensitive and important writer to slip into neglect. Something of this pricking of conscience will, I have no doubt, overwhelm many other book lovers at news of the collected Symons, and it is from these that the competition will come for sets of the new edition. I shall not be surprised, moreover, to see first editions of Symons much asked for during the next few years. They are far better worth having, both for their contents and their appearance, than many of those first editions which just now are in most demand.

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Very little notice has been taken of the death of Thomas Seccombe, although Seccombe was one of the pillars of the "Dictionary of National Biography", and a critic of exceptional learning. I suppose that in the last few years he had dropped out of journalism and the book world, on account of his professorships and his extremely bad health. Few men knew more about certain kinds of books than he, however, and if his lack of specialization and the fact that circumstances compelled him to do much of that thankless kind of journalism which is called "reviewing" did much to conceal and even to render inaccurate some of his great knowledge, the fact is to be deplored. I met Seccombe several times before the war, but never saw him during or after it. He was a big, quiet, genial man, who was full of a sort of scholarly kindness to all. Many years ago he showed me much kindness, which I slightly repaid by saving him from certain mistakes of detail in an article which he contributed to the D. N. B. To my astonishment, Seccombe made several violent attacks upon me in the American and English press. They caused me stupefaction. I wrote to him to ask what I had done, and received no answer. Later on, I again met him, and was received with the utmost urbanity. He had never been angry with me at all, and the attacks had been the most friendly affairs, showing the deep respect he had for me. Now, I should never have known that if it had not been explained. However, I can recall an extremely delightful evening at Seccombe's house at Acton, at which I arrived after all the others had begun dinner, owing to my complete ignorance, and the cabman's complete ignorance, of the geography of Acton (Acton, I may as well explain, is a western suburb of London, with which I was at that time wholly unfamiliar). I do not remember who else was at the party, except that there was a lady who made my flesh creep with long and relentless stories of a particular kind of insect in East Africa, from which place she had just returned, which bored into the flesh of its victims, and if not caught in time by the tail had to be cut out if the life of the patient was to be preserved. After dinner, however, Seccombe took us all into the drawing room, and there caused the select few the greatest delight by reading aloud the suppressed passages from his life of George Meredith, written for the "Dictionary of National Biography". The passages, I ought to explain, had been omitted because they gave Seccombe's views of Meredith's relations with his elder son, and because in other respects they were inconvenient, coming at a time when Meredith occupied the position in the esteem of mankind — literary mankind — now filled by Thomas Hardy. We are very loyal in this country to our "grand old men". Seccombe was in the difficult position, which so many who come directly into contact with the lives and characters of popular idols come to occupy, of knowing so many warts that he had to leave some of them out lest the face of the great man portrayed should be unrecognizable by those who believe themselves to be familiar with it. He read the passages with fine fervor, which made them seem by far the most interesting portions of that particular biography. What, I wonder, has now become of them? At one time a volume of biographical criticism on Meredith written by Seccombe was announced as forming an addition to the "Literary Lives" series edited by Sir William Robertson Nicoll and pub-

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lished by Hodder and Stoughton; but it was never to my personal knowledge either published or finished in manuscript.

* * * *

Mention of Meredith leads me to question whether anybody ever now reads the works of Meredith. Some time ago I tried to reread an old favorite; but I failed to do so. I read the first pages, and I found them intolerable. Thinking that the matter was one of mood only, I desisted, and tried again later, with the same result. And the other day I was talking to a member of the younger generation, whose taste in books is wide, if severe, and I stumbled upon his admission that Meredith had been a failure in his own recent experience. He quoted another friend who had read, with pain, "Evan Harrington", "Rhoda Fleming", and "The Egoist". Of the three, he said, "The Egoist" was the only one that was at all possible, and that was on account of the full and richly perceptive drawing of Sir Willoughby Patterne. Style and the minor details of the books seemed to him to be atrocious. Now I give these opinions, not as implying any final judgment of Meredith, but simply as indicating that three people, not particularly full of literary prejudices, although we are all human, have recently made an attempt to recapture the old delight in a writer who a few years ago held an uncontested position among novelists. He was the almost fabulously knowing delineator of women. His books remain as they were; it is we who have changed. Are we wrong? Will another generation rise up and call Meredith (as I can remember his being called) the creator of unparalleled women and a comic genius second only to Shakespeare? Are there still Meredithians in the world? Shall I receive indignant letters from a score of angry readers of this paragraph? And if not, can anybody explain why a writer who stood so high ten years ago has been washed away so quickly, when there has been (by all popular accounts of the decline of great novelists) no writer to oust Meredith from his proud position? I should very much like to learn, from some representative bookseller, how many sets of Meredith's books he sells each year, (a) for reading purposes, and (b) for the purpose of presentation to those who cannot politely refuse the gift once it has been made.

* * * *

His admirers in America will learn with regret that Arthur Clutton-Brock has been seriously ill for some time. Hence it is that his articles have not been delighting us in the "Times Literary Supplement" for about three months. Fortunately, the author who perhaps gets nearer to the heart of the great artists than any other critic in England at this time is recovered, and will be able, I hope, shortly to resume his extremely personal investigations of the human mind. Clutton-Brock was recently described to me as a "wool gatherer". It was an amusing description, but not a true one, and the speaker did not mean it to be taken as true. Clutton-Brock has a mind full of speculations, theological, æsthetic, metaphysical; and his conversation is a delight because of the way his mind leaps from subject to subject, always with the same modesty, the same naïve and beautiful modesty, which is assured of the importance of the subject, and not of what is said about it or of the speaker. In fact, the very last thing that would occur to him is the importance of the speaker, for he is Socratic in his love of truth. Moreover, he has (also like

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Socrates) a love of sophistry. Most important of all, he loves humor better than anything else, because to Clutton-Brock humor is the greatest wisdom of all. When the friend who called him a "wool gatherer" went on to call him an "amateur" he was more in order. He is that. He is an amateur gardener of great skill and knowledge, and he is an art critic who judges by his own taste rather than by any rules laid down in text books or the rigorous assertions of individual artists. He is a critic of music and a critic of man. And it is as a critic of man that he is most delightful, because his mind is full of sublime little quirks which would give freshness to opinions very much less original and perceptive than his own. And he has this great faculty: that he can relate the individual to the Cosmos as no ordinary critic can do. When he comments upon a man it is in relation to the character of mankind and without pettiness; and such is the simplicity and integrity of his mind that he can treat even a modern book as though it had its place in literature. And this, without seeking to overpraise it for seasonal or publicity purposes. A rare gift.

* * * *

A. A. Milne's new play, "Success", has just been produced here. Its reception has been mixed, but there is every likelihood that the play will please Milne lovers. Strange how this young man has made himself so many affectionate, theatre going friends in such a short time, while other writers have to struggle hard before they can get into the theatre at all! In this respect — the affection of his audiences — he is nearer to Sir James Barrie than anybody now living. It would be interesting to compare Milne's record of plays written and plays produced with the similar record of almost any dramatist of the day. It appears as though he no sooner wrote a play than it was produced upon the stage for all to see and love. It cannot be so, of course, and time must fly very fast; but since the war there is no question that of all our young dramatists Milne has been the one most constantly before the public. Not only have there been new plays, but— which is stranger still, and more significant — there have been revivals of older plays. The thing is exceptional. It must be added, moreover, that Milne's plays, when printed, are among the few that sell widely. They are bought for reading as few plays are bought for reading. Perhaps this is because the public agrees with the author of the plays, who has written a preface to his latest volume making the admission in so many words. He comes plump out with the statement, which will not make him new friends among the theatrical profession, that he prefers his plays as written. To him the characters are "so", and not as they are made to appear upon the stage. It is a pardonable preference. I have often wondered how I should like somebody else's version of a character I had invented. As I have never written anything at all for the stage, I can only record the feelings of others; but I remember the remark of a producer some years ago upon this subject. He had been urging me to write plays; but he delivered a warning. "You must remember", he said, "that whatever you write won't appear as you write it. About fifty per cent of it will get through. With luck, sixty per cent." What he indicated was precisely the distortion of a part to which Milne directs attention in his preface. The writer means a character to say things in such and such a way. The actor thinks differently.

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The same may be said, in a degree, of the author and his readers; but the problem is more acute for the dramatist, because an actor gives a lasting impression of a misread character, and may ruin a play. He may also "make" a play. The author, I assume, has less power in a matter of that kind than the least stage hand. I judge from the demeanor of dramatic authors of my acquaintance after they have attended a rehearsal of a new play. All self-confidence deserts them. They begin to grow pale and languid. They begin to explain that certain things cannot be done, that some actor or actress in the cast is "awful", and when they are asked whether this actor or actress cannot be scrapped they reveal their essential unimportance in the theatre. I do not guarantee that Milne is like this, because I have never seen him just after a rehearsal. I think it is possible that he gets whatever actors and actresses he likes to play the parts, and persuades them to say their speeches just as he likes them to. But on the other hand there is his preface, which seems to suggest the contrary. What a singular world is the world of the theatre, and yet how impossible it seems, once one is in it, ever to be able to endure separation from it! It is like the drug habit — an insidious poison.

* * * *

I am reminded by the sudden advent of summer weather that some American writers — if there were not such a number of American writers I should say "a great many" — are coming over to England to finish or to write books. Apparently it is impossible to finish books in America, and so Americans come to England, just at the time when English writers, finding it impossible to finish books in England, have left for — no, not for America, as you suppose, — but for some other country where peace can be obtained. From which I judge that it is freedom from one's friends that is the chief aid to the finishing of books. The truth is, that nobody can write books in London. They all go into the country, or, better still, to some other country, to finish books. I have myself just finished a book in the country, and I am writing this article in the country, with the birds singing lustily outside my window, and cricketers near the front of the house engaged in the most fascinating of English games. And, of the authors I know, very few are finishing books in London. I believe, none at all. Hugh Walpole is due back today from America, having returned by way of Italy. Aldous Huxley is in Italy writing a novel that he could not write in London. Arnold Bennett is at sea on his yacht having (now that I come to think of it) finished his next novel, "Riceyman Steps", earlier in the year. St. John Ervine left London yesterday for Devonshire, where it will be as hot as the tropics, to write a new novel. It is possible, I hear, that he may later on be coming to New York, when his next play is produced there by Belasco; but in the mean time he is writing the novel he has for a long time wanted to write and been determined to write. J. D. Beresford is going to the south of France to live altogether — or so I am informed. Walpole is deserting London. Mackenzie deserted London years ago, and has never yet been a Londoner by habit. What a place London will be! It will be full of American writers working quietly to finish their novels, and when its fame has reached the exiles as the ideal place in which to work there will be a sudden repatriation — what the "Daily Mail" calls "the vicious circle".

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So goes the world, and I am glad not to be in London at this moment, for it must be as disagreeable a spot as any on earth.

* * * *

A very interesting announcement is made by Fisher Unwin. He has for years held the rights in the novels of "Mark Rutherford", and it is good news that he intends to bring out a new edition, augmented by Hale White's book on Bunyan (another volume in that series of "Literary Lives" to which I referred just now in speaking of Thomas Seccombe's projected volume upon Meredith), and containing a preface by H. W. Massingham. Massingham's preface will be a most illuminating picture of Hale White the man, and only incidentally a commendation of his novels. The edition, I hear, will not include the two volumes of "Journals" which were published some years ago by one of the University Presses. This is a pity, as they were of importance. But at least we are to have the novels again, and as these novels are among the best novels written in the last half of the nineteenth century, and as they are far too little known, I hope that the new edition will arouse interest in a writer who, merely as a stylist, deserves to be read wherever the English language can be read at all. The two books best known are "The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford" and its sequel, "Mark Rutherford's Deliverance", but the one to which I would draw special attention is "The Revolution in Tanner's Lane", which is masterly. It is very appropriate that Massingham should be the introducer of a new edition, for Hale White was a friend of his, a contributor to "The Nation" under Massingham's editorship, and a man with whom Massingham has always been thoroughly in sympathy (as it can be said of few men!). Moreover, Massingham can write himself. Even his journalism has always shown that, and even those who could not stand the politics and general opinions of "The Nation" will admit that under his editorship it was the best written paper in London. I can only hope that the new edition will be presented in a format worthy of the author's quality. My own edition, which is a cheap one published just before the war, in a black cloth binding, is almost exquisitely ugly. Some English publishers seem to take a delight in ugliness for its own sake. They feel, I believe, that an ugly thing is a good thing. It is a survival of puritanism, and an ugly one!

SIMON PURE

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THE LITERARY SPOTLIGHT

XXII: MARY AUSTIN

With a Caricature by William Gropper

THE areas of the world which most completely possess and direct and mold the spirits of the peoples which inhabit them are not its easy places. Few of them have any obvious happiness to impart or much accessible inspiration of beauty. Their strength of influence lies rather in a sober and unyielding heroism implicit in the weather and the land and in a visual impersonality of the face of nature. No exactitude of skull measurement, no idiosyncrasy of religious observance can so vividly exteriorize this possession and this molding process as the study of the power which such areas wield over the formation and the quality of their literatures.

This is not merely to say that Wessex enthralls Thomas Hardy but that in no reach of his imagination can Hardy ever escape Wessex. The few serious thoughts which occasionally crossed the rate per word intelligence of Jack London had their roots between the round horizons of Alaska. The earth spoke to Conrad, once and forever, in "the senseless and mournful delusion" of the tropical sea board and so, malignantly and permanently, assumed for him the tremendous insistence of destiny.

Once this miracle has befallen a writer he can afterward know other lands only through his own that has asserted itself upon him. He has no voice, no sight, no will, no point of view which is not colored with its glare and darkness and shaped to its own purposes. His philosophy, above all, is imposed upon him by the strange, invincible and inanimate contact. All his force depends upon his fidelity to its domination. He may, from time to time, evade it, but he is almost certain to come off futile if he does. His track is laid for him and if he steps aside he flounders in shifting sands and amid trivial irrelevancies.

"I was transplanted", Mary Austin says, "from a middle western college town to that portion of the American desert which I have described in 'The Land of Little Rain and Lost Borders'." Such a transplantation considered, those two exquisite and beautiful books (and "The Flock", too, for that matter) assume the significance of confessions. Mary Austin went into the southwest and the desert made her life articulate. It has never failed her since nor freed her. She has never fruitfully forsaken its mastery and she never can. "A land of lost rivers with little in it to love; yet a land which once visited must be come back to inevitably."

Hers is, to be sure, a mind made to the desert's order. It has the classic rigor to cope with austerity and desolation and the precise delicacy of perception which sees intimacy and loveliness where they are most subtly and terribly concealed. It has the high emotional violence of romance to which no natural phenomenon is either indefi-

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nite or unimportant. It has the incessant curiosity which serves the amateur in lieu of the scientific attitude and it looks into the eyes of deity with the level gaze of the mystic.

All this seems normal enough of great minds, for great minds are singularly standardized. They have the same acquisitive impulse, by and large, and the same matter of factness and the same perceived and unperceived shortcomings and the same fundamental ruthlessness. Mary Austin is, by most standards, of the company of great minds. Her one essential lack is the comic sense. But there is no cruelty in her, and without cruelty humor offers but a meagre refuge; a refuge, moreover, to which she would never voluntarily go, for she takes life too seriously and with too consistent kindliness.

She is deeply concerned with both deity and the universe. She is little interested by anything of less consequence. Desert and sea and timber line furnish man with the three mirrors in which the will of the universe is most clearly discernible. Of the three, the desert seems the truest mirror of the mind of deity. Mary Austin found many things to her liking in the desert — small life amid desperate privation, vast amplifications of color, limitless space of clean air, and the feel of a country coordinated to the movement of gigantic rhythms. More than all this, however, she found in the desert a universe in which, by degrees, she became thoroughly at home, and a deity with whom she struck up the honest relationship of frank understanding and unabashed eagerness to serve. These two were the things she most needed. She read the desert's riddles and solved its domestic difficulties and set them down in her early books which are among literature's supreme interpretations of country. She took from the desert an emotional philosophy and a concept of God.

Her God is very evidently created to her requirements and the desert's by the union between the desert's spirit and her own. He seems a sort of combination between the Great Spirit of the Indian and the Smithsonian Institute. In his honor she founded an ethnological faith in which she is herself the perfect worshiper and which follows the observances of a special creed made up of physical geography and political liberalism and colored by a strong predilection for natural history museums. She did this in all seriousness, as her books attest. She deified her interpretation of the desert and she waits now for the prophet who shall come out of the southwest.

Her God taught her the mysticism of desert sage and blue distance and the appreciation of the problems of natural life which so engross her attention, and they, in their turn, invested her with their own pantheism. It is a specialized and a highly individualized doctrine — the idealism of a sublime detachment from all concrete human problems and most human thought. It disregards mankind and concerns itself alone and apart with those natural matters which are naturally irremediable. Beyond a doubt she was born to be a great and self-constituted defender. But the desert motivated her too spaciously. Though she is self-dedicated to the disinterested defense of human lost causes, the desert leaves her scant patience with humanity. It has, one suspects, fomented in her a recognizable discontent with having been born in human form and persuaded her that she would have been far better off as a goddess or a physical law. It seems likely even that, failing god-

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Mary Austin

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head, she would have chosen for herself a small furry shape and spent her lifetime scampering along desert water trails between stalks of sage and mesquite. She might have felt divinity the more surely and so come more perfectly into the natural scheme in which the southwest has envelòped all her intellectual and spiritual reactions.

Humanity is either too strong for Mary Austin's taste or not quite feeble enough. She can take such downtrodden creatures as the Pueblo Indians and Jesus of Nazareth and defend the one against Congress and the other against Christianity. This she can do because the plight of each is readily transformed into large emotional abstraction. For smaller injustice the wise, wide energy of the desert forever unfitted her. Her long assertion of the rights of womankind, the least successful of all her works, is the clearest proof of this. However arduously she may have pressed it, it is an enterprise impelled by conscience and by little else. She felt, it is quite evident, that she must do something for her sisters and she has done her utmost. But her comprehension of them is curiously at sea. Her philosophy holds no place for those who will not be abstracted. You cannot abstract women; you succeed merely in offending them if you try and set them on a tangent of vituperative contradiction. Mary Austin has offered them all the most grandiose pigeon holes of her scheme of things and they have rioted in every one. Her sense of justice drove her into the woman problem; her really convinced non-humanity betrayed her. Let her deny this hotly as she will, it is none the less true. Woman is not colossal nor is she small, furred and squeaking. Wherefore womankind does not abide in Mary Austin's alley and the sooner she has done with it the better.

You may call this spirit proud, but her humility is only the more genuine for its impressive stature. The lowliness with which she bows to the unalterable is without affectation and wholly unafraid. Her danger is that she too often credits with importance to herself matters which, in reality, neither interest nor involve her. From the first day of her transplantation she has been committed to the inevitable and to nothing else.

All of this that is here said of her is clear in her books, above all, in the most important of them — "The Man Jesus". There her imagination and her philosophy came together with their one real embodiment. The two forces met and, emotionally and spiritually, fitted one into the other as light fits into form. She brought to Jesus what the desert had given her and that is a nobler thing than theology. "The Man Jesus" is, by that, a stauncher book than Renan's "Vie de Jésus". The credulous platitudes of Papini's latest shrivel beside it.

Mary Austin achieves a very perfection of courageous understanding whenever Jesus speaks. The errors of her historical scholarship do not matter. Her Holy Land is none the less holy for being in her recreation of its atmosphere mostly western and American. She knows the man and his disciples and the countryside through which they wandered because they were desert folk, bred in small and primitive communities, who had, in their time, looked upon her salty desolations and her verdant settlements and condoned the same small lives and great. She knows them for the fact that she and Jesus are both desert taught and live both by a kindred humility and a kindred awe and by the same ignorance of the human formula.

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What is so fine in the best of her writing, suffers whenever she follows conscience or the guidance of the momentary into more personable ways. What has the desert to do with theatric silliness? Her plays brought fine emotion and fine truth to the stage, but emotion and truth alike turn to empty gesticulation in the mouths of the puppet characters which she draws to be their spokesmen. Her novels will be read always for the serene elegance of her writing. The best of them is not their personnel but the feeling they have for the land, by some character or feature, her own land always, whatever exterior change she sets upon it. The everlasting best of her is that widespread simplicity and straightness, at once so kind and so impersonal, which she attained when she went away from her middle western college town into the "land of lost borders". Her tales are good tales, especially of westerners and the west, but her eyes in them again are far sharper for the land and its meaning than for the businesses of men and women.

She is herself true to her teaching and direct. She likes people best when she can question them. She likes scientists best of all. She will, on occasion, let down her hair and tell ghost stories to freeze your blood. The compromise she effects between Arizona and Gramercy Park is a good deal less than successful. She is better off in her California house on the coast of Monterey, though she seems, there, to live more outside her walls than within them. London troubles her less than New York because she feels less conscientiously responsible for it. She seems happiest in the west and on the open sea. That will be the outcome of her mysticism which conceives the chief duty of man to be a process of lonely waiting for the day when the hand of deity shall make use of him, and she feels herself more near (and more apparent, too) where mystery and the sky alone limit her vision.

She is greatly American by the chance that took her into her southwest and she reads her desert rhythms and symbols into all American institutions. American institutions do not always fit very precisely into the rhythms with which she clothes them but this disconcerts her very little. A sculptor must throw away a good deal of marble to make a statue; a thinker of Mary Austin's cast does not hesitate with the rebellious institution. She can, you may be sure, usually twist or compress it to her demands. Let Mary Austin loose upon marital relations and she will "understand" them all around the town. She likes her friends to call her "Chisera", which is to say "Witch Woman", or words to that effect. And this is not ridiculous. You may, if you resent ruthlessness and really bitter consistency, resent Mary Austin, but you do not laugh at her.

For she has that extraordinary completeness and self-sufficiency which makes a mess of many little matters and, on occasion, can cope fearlessly and triumphally with the authentic crisis. She is like an actress marked apart to play great rôles. Her writing and her thinking alike are set aside for noble subjects. When she comes down from her own standard and the desert's, her workmanship persists in all its beauty and sincerity; her inspiration abandons her. That is the decree laid upon her by her experience in the lonely west. And that is proper, too. The great mind is no less great for having only one idea so long as the idea remains a part of godhead.

There are two kinds of thinking; the purely emotional to which every-

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thing is important and inviolate, and the purely intellectual to which nothing matters very much. Mary Austin thinks principally through her emotions; her faults and weaknesses are all intellectual. She has great feeling and little skepticism.

One touch of humor would have made her less complete, would have marred the monumental integrity of her character. The desert has no need for landscape gardening; the mystic has no use for humor. When Margaret Fuller went to London to voice the transcendentalism of her generation she, too, accepted the universe. She did it, according to report, in public, arms flung wide and in so many words:

"I accept the universe!"

Said Carlyle, a little sourly: "Gad, she'd better!"

LOST SPRING

By John V. A. Weaver

SPRING never came at all.
Cold rain every day.
What good did it do to cry?
What good did it do to pray?
No winds full of flower smells,
Or nights with a round, warm moon —
Not one of the things we loved. . . .
Snow! — when it almost was June!

We wanted the Spring so much!
We hoped and waited so long,
Tryin' to fight our troubles,
And everything goin' wrong.
Even when it was the hardest
And it seemed like our nerves would crack
We'd say, "But Spring can save us!
In the Spring it'll all come back!"

But Spring never came at all.
Nothin' but clouds and cold,
And then the blazin' summer.
And I don't ever see the old
Shine that would be in your eyes.
And they's only a sort of a pain
Instead of the dreams I had. . . .
Will it ever be Spring again?

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THE PARODY OUTLINE OF LITERATURE

X: PARADISE LOST*

By Margaret Widdemer

Illustrated by Herb Roth

SHOULD relate this little fable
With Milton's honesty unfailing
(Little on him has James Branch Cabell
And D. H. Lawrence much more veiling)
But were my song as Milton's bold
The middle west would all detest me
And many copies would be sold
And Mr. Comstock's friends arrest me.

**In the style of Miss Widdemer's "A Tree With a Bird in It". This is the tenth instalment of the series in which various American authors, using well known classics, attempt to parody themselves.*

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The poem's hero's Lucifer
(Satan was what his best friends called him)
He set the whole of Heaven astir,
Till Gabriel said the sight appalled him;
They had a really worth while battle,
With swords and guns and cannoneers,
Exactly like the knightly rattle
Of Cromwell and the Cavaliers.

Poor Satan never had a chance;
Hell was the best he had to hope for;
So, facing this sad circumstance,
He did the best he had the dope for:
And he and Sin, his lady friend
(The less that's said of her, the better),
Fixed up a little scheme to end
Eve's happiness and wifely fetter.

Satan was something of a Sheik,
Adam much more like a Professor,
And Eve — well just a fluff, and weak —
You know the rest, if a good guesser:
Her eyes were stars, her lips were corals,
She knew her looks were far from shady:
While Adam lectured her on morals,
Satan stepped in and vamped the lady.

Well, Adam moralized again
(No greater joy could life afford him),
The Angel Gabriel sighed in pain,
Frankly, I think that Adam bored him:
He said, "No, sir, not one word more!
For out of Eden you go walking,
And — take your wife along, good bore:
Her punishment's to hear you talking!"

* * * * * *

So "Adam delved and Eve span"
And raised the human family,
And, though obedient to her man
I think sometimes said dreamily
"Dear Satan was so much more charming!"
. . . Doubtless they never met again,
But, though I would not be alarming,
I always had my doubts of Cain!

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TO SEE OR NOT TO SEE

Plays and Motion Pictures of the Month

By John Farrar

PLAYS IN NEW YORK WORTH SEEING

1. AREN'T WE ALL?: *Cyril Maude as an engaging match-maker and general fixer in a really amusing comedy.*

2. ZANDER THE GREAT: *Alice Brady appealingly saving little children and shooting big guns among western bootleggers.*

3. MERTON OF THE MOVIES: *This burlesque of the movies is made heart appealing by Glenn Hunter and Florence Nash.*

4. THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE: *Shaw's satirical melodrama of revolutionary days excellently revived.*

5. RAIN: *Miss Jeanne Eagels nightly continues to prove man's frailty in the South Seas, to filled and cheering houses.*

6. SEVENTH HEAVEN: *A fantasy which turns melodrama and gives Helen Menken and George Gaul the chance to prove themselves.*

7. HELEN OF TROY, NEW YORK *and* ADRIENNE *are the best of the straight musical comedies; the former a satire, the latter a burlesque. Of the summer reviews,* EARL CARROLL'S VANITIES *(reviewed below) is the most beautiful, with Joe Cook furnishing much humor.* GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS OF 1923 *though heavier, makes a close second, particularly when Mr. Patricola's dancing is considered.*

THE year's sheaf of published American plays gives us six volumes of burlesque, satire or straight drama with intent to criticize our present mode of living. This is an object lesson in public psychology, if you will. Here is "The Torch-Bearers" which pokes fun at the too serious minded followers of the torch of higher drama (in the little theatres). Here is "The Vegetable" which is F. Scott Fitzgerald's method of saying that home-made gin is dangerous and that American worship of success is absurd. Here is "The Adding Machine", a mordant satire on business and the drones it creates. Here is "You and I", genially stating that most business men kill their souls for the sake of their families and the routines necessitated by acts of earning bread and butter. Here is "Icebound" which says: "Beware of the Yankee at his worst." Here is "The Fool" which, through sloughs of wicked rich men and villainous radicals, is still "the comforting play" because it holds out, graphically, hope from the days of the Star of Bethlehem. Here is a condition of mind. Here is a resentment against the marts of trade. Yet all of these plays, with the exception of

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"The Vegetable" have already been produced. None of them has actually failed. One of them was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for 1922 and as I write in the heat of an exceedingly hot July, three of them are still being presented to New York audiences. Can it be that any large portion of us is angered by materialism, that we seek theatres to find expression for our querulousness? Or can it be that the playwrights have simply been clever enough to conceal their propaganda beneath the veils of a good story? Much preaching can be done in the theatre while melodrama rages across the boards. Perhaps, then, if you would study the psychology of the year 1922-23, you can do no better than to secure these drama volumes from your local library and have a look at them. Most of them are designed to amuse; only one is determinedly tragic.

"The Torch-Bearers", an early season success, written by George Kelly of Philadelphia, who had previously shown talent in the writing of vaudeville sketches, was frankly burlesque. Its Mrs. Pampinelli, the moving spirit in the local drama movement, delivers herself of superb lines like these, as she stops the rehearsal of her indefatigable little band of amateurs:

> I want you, if you can, to make just a little bit more of that last line. Within the limits of the characterization, of course; but if you can *feel* it, I'd like you to give me just the barest suggestion of a tear. Not too much; but just enough to show that — under all her courage — and her threatening, she is still a woman — and a Mother. You see what I mean, dear?

And Florence replies dryly, yet with complete understanding, "More emotion." Kelly's situations are, of course, highly colored and absurd. His characters are types, and over stressed types. The first act, which is a rehearsal for the great event, seemed to us slightly funnier than the second act which was a burlesque of the backstage incidents of the event itself. The last act, in which the harassed husband of the amateur leading lady turns preacher for the future of the drama, is certainly not so good; but there had to be a last act, and after all, he utters many words of wisdom. He reaches the climax of his emotions as follows:

> RITTER *(Quite pleasantly)* There aren't going to be any more performances, Mrs. Pampinelli, as far as anybody in *this* house is concerned.
>
> MRS. PAMPINELLI *(After a steady pause)* No? *(He inclines his head in quiet emphasis.)*
>
> RITTER. Not until there's a change in the management. *(There is another taut pause.)*
>
> MRS. PAMPINELLI. *(Coldly)* Really? *(He inclines his head again.)* Then, I'm afraid we shan't have you with us, Mr. Ritter.
>
> RITTER *(Smiling)* I know very well you won't have *me* with you. And as far as Mrs. Ritter's concerned, — she's got a very good home here — and I love her; and any time she feels any dramatic instinct coming on, there's a very nice roomy attic upstairs, and she can go up there and lock the door, and nobody'll ever see or hear her. But if she ever gets mixed up again in anything like that atrocity I saw tonight, — I'm through. *(He speaks the last words with quiet definiteness, and turns towards the door at the left.)* And she'll get killed in the bargain. *(He hits the door open with the palm of his hand and goes out. There is a slight pause: then Nelly Fell crosses quickly towards the mantelpiece, addressing Ritter as she goes.)*

That was in the nature of the piece; but such a speech as this seems scarcely to belong:

> RITTER. The theatre is a matter of qualifications, — the same as any other profession; and it will only be *through* those particular qualifications that your Little Theatre will ever be brought about.

It is a moral tag which obviously does not belong in Mr. Ritter's equipment. In spite of its manifest and intentional absurdities, "The Torch-

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Bearers" was so cleverly produced, and so cleverly written that it was believed. Alison Skipworth's performance as the fatuous Pampinelli was superb. Here is a play, I imagine, that amateurs will be doing for years, and laughing heartily at themselves as themselves, for it is good humored satire when it is occasionally satire, and well tempered burlesque, for the rest.

F. Scott Fitzgerald's vivacious comedy, "The Vegetable", is of doubtful theatrical value. It makes vastly entertaining reading, however, and, upon its presentation next year, I may possibly be forced to say, "I didn't tell you so." I hope that it will prove successful. Mr. Fitzgerald has always written smart dialogue. The first act of "The Vegetable" is realistic domestic drama. The bootlegger, "Mr. Snooks", plays an important part. In fact, the keynote of "The Vegetable" is sounded by the office clerk, Jerry, whose one ambition in life was, in his youth, to be a postman, but who might possibly consider the presidency. Says Jerry (eagerly):

> See, that makes two gallons of the stuff, Charlotte, and that's eight quarts, and eight quarts of the stuff makes sixteen quarts of cocktails. That's enough to last us — oh, three years anyhow. Just think how nice it'll be if anybody comes in. Just say: "Like a little cocktail?" "Sure." "All right." *(He makes a noise to express orange squeezing.)* Oranges! *(He makes a noise to express the cracking of ice.)* Ice! *(A noise to express the sound of a shaker.)* Shaker! *(He pours the imaginary compound into three imaginary glasses. Then he drinks off one of the imaginary glasses and pats his stomach.)*

Mr. Fitzgerald holds religiously to the formula of the success story even while he is burlesquing it. He allows Jerry both of his ambitions. In a drunken stupor, he allows Jerry to dream himself President, and the amazing foolery of Act II is this dream. Coming out of his stupor, Jerry finds himself "the best postman in the world". It was a clever idea. It has been cleverly managed. The dialogue of the drinking, then drunken, Jerry is subtle but poignant. As usual, this author shows mastery of this subject. Jerry's speech, as President of these United States, to a senatorial delegation, is choice. Note the cocktail motif at the close.

> JERRY *(Nervously)* Gentlemen, before you take this step into your hands I want to put my best foot forward. Let us consider a few aspects. For instance, for the first aspect let us take, for example, the War of the Revolution. There was ancient Rome, for example. Let us not only live so that our children who live after us, but also that our ancestors who preceded us and fought to make this country what it is!
>
> *General applause.*
>
> And now, gentlemen, a boy to-day is a man to-morrow — or, rather, in a few years. Consider the winning of the West — Daniel Boone and Kit Carson, and in our own time Buffalo Bill and — and Jesse James!
>
> *Prolonged applause.*
>
> Finally, in closing, I want to tell you about a vision of mine that I seem to see. I seem to see Columbia — Columbia — ah — blindfolded — ah — covered with scales — driving the ship of state over the battle-

THE DRAMA SHELF

"Icebound" by Owen Davis (Little, Brown). Mr. Davis's fine play of New England farm life, admirably printed and bound.

"The Adding Machine" by Elmer L. Rice (Doubleday, Page). The second volume of "The Theatre Guild Library" is Elmer Rice's passionate and expressionistic drama.

"Sapere Aude" by Huber H. Havelock (Stratford). An amateurish bit of preaching to parents.

"The Machine-Wreckers" by Ernst Toller (Knopf). A strange drama of social unrest by the brilliant young German. Much of the unrest has obviously been obliterated by the stilted translation.

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fields of the republic into the heart of the golden West and the cotton-fields of the sunny South.

Great applause. Mr. Jones, with his customary thoughtfulness, serves a round of cocktails.

There are those, presumably, who will find in "The Vegetable" more of a commentary on Mr. Fitzgerald's generation than upon American life. Be that as it may, it represents faithfully enough a certain viewpoint which that generation holds toward the American scene. Impudent, yes. Nevertheless, a viewpoint.

As much of a venture through insanity as "The Vegetable" is Elmer Rice's "The Adding Machine", presented now as one of the volumes of "The Theatre Guild Library". Here life is reduced to numerical precision. Here, we have murder, trial, death and immortality in terms of ones, twos and sixes. Here, written by a young man who has already made a fortune in the commercial theatre, is a piece of elaborate and, in spite of serious defects, striking expressionism. Mr. Zero, operator of an adding machine, hates his drab wife and kills his boss. He goes to Heaven, where, Mr. Rice would have us believe, a man cannot be greater than he was on earth. The first four scenes of this play are as effective drama as has been written by a young American. The monologue defense of Mr. Zero before judge and jury is fine. Here's a sample of it:

I'm a pretty steady guy, you gotta admit that. Twenty-five years in one job an' I never missed a day. Fifty-two weeks in a year. Fifty-two an' fifty-two an' — They didn't have t' look for me, did they? I didn't try to run away, did I? Where was I goin' to run to! I wasn't thinkin' about it at all, see? I'll tell you what I was thinkin' about — how I was goin' to break it to the wife about bein' canned. He canned me after twenty-five years, see? Did the lawyers tell you about that? I forget. All that talk gives me a headache. Objection sustained. Objection overruled. Answer yes or no. It gives me a headache. And I can't get the figgers outta my head, neither. But that's what I was thinkin' about — how I was goin' t' break it to the wife about bein' canned. An' what Miss Devore would think when she heard about me killin' him. I bet she never thought I had the nerve to do it. I'd of married her if the wife had passed out. I'd be holdin' down my job yet, if he hadn't o' canned me. But he kept talkin' an' talkin'. An' there was the bill-file right where I could reach it. Do you get me? I'm just a regular guy like anybody else. Like you birds, now.

The fifth scene is offensive, to me, at any rate. The sixth scene in "A Pleasant Place" is difficult to understand. Apparently it is meant to prove that the inferior soul cannot grasp happiness, when it is flung at its head. The seventh scene, where Zero has at last found his Heaven (an ethereal office in which he can be a clerical drone) and is about to be sent back to earth again, is after all pretty gorgeous satire. It reads far better than it played. The heavenly Lieutenant Charles has a speech in which he makes plain the author's thesis. Perhaps it didn't need to be made quite so obvious; but then again, perhaps it did. In a play of this sort we do need pretty definite keys to the riddle. Says Charles to the inferiority complex, negative hero, Mr. Zero:

You're a failure, Mr. Zero, a failure. A waste product. A slave to a contraption of steel and iron. The animal's instincts, but not his strength and skill. The animal's appetites, but not his unashamed indulgence of them. True, you move and eat and digest and excrete and reproduce. But any microscopic organism can do as much. Well — time's up! Back you go — back to your sunless groove — the raw material of slums and wars — the ready prey of the first jingo or demagogue of political adventurer who takes the trouble to play upon your ignorance and credulity and provincialism. You poor, spineless, brainless boob — I'm sorry for you!

"You and I", Philip Barry's brilliant comedy, the Harvard Prize Play

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of 1922, does not sharply criticize American life but it comments upon it, forcibly. That Mr. Barry, himself, gave over a profitable engagement with the advertisers to become one of the playwrights, whose living is at best precarious, is well known. This, then, is the problem he presents: the business man who does not find an expression for his creative imagination in his own business; who has, perhaps for financial reasons, stifled some creative urge in youth. In Mr. Barry's play, Maitland White betrays his own heart in living his own problem over again with his own son.' It is a poignant theme. Barry has handled it deftly and not too heavily. His dialogue, which, as played by a superb cast whose business was to squeeze every laugh out of the play, seemed spotty when one heard it at the Belmont Theatre. It reads more smoothly. It is the usual talk of nice people, in a Mt. Kisco, Westchester County setting. There is cleverness in this play, and a good deal of underlying wisdom. It is authentic and it is competent. I find that it does not progress so unflinchingly to its conclusion as does "Icebound". It is just a little tricked out and padded. Its excellent slang dialogue dates it. However, these are minor considerations, are they not? You will enjoy reading this play. Here is a wise speech from a successful novelist; but I wonder if Mr. Barry doesn't know that successful novelists though they may *talk* this way, never *feel* it?

No, Matey. I suppose I should have, if I could honestly feel that art — true art — was the gainer for my sacrifice. But a popular novelist! Oh — don't you suppose *I* know what my stuff is worth? (He continues with deep feeling.) I give you my word — there's no such hell on earth as that of the man who knows himself doomed to mediocrity in the work he loves — whatever it may be. You love painting — you think you could paint great pictures. Well — go on thinking — but don't try it. No! No! — You've done well in business — be wise, and stick to it.

"Icebound" won this year's Pulitzer Prize for the best American drama, etc., etc. Much objection from certain critics followed! In my opinion "Icebound" is one of the finest plays ever written by an American. Mr. Heywood Broun prefers "You and I." He does not believe in "Icebound's" people. Now, Mr. Broun, does it ever occur to you that possibly you know the inhabitants of Westchester better than you do those of northern New England? Not long ago I attended a family reunion: clans assembled from the northern countries. "Do you remember Nelly?" asked one. "She was the spit-and-image of Hannah in 'Icebound'." So it went, one after another we found them all, those members of the Jordan household. Look far enough and you'll find a black sheep Ben in practically every New England family. Owen Davis has taken the worst side of the Yankee temperament and softened it here and there, in Ben, in Judge Bradford, in Doctor Curtis and in Jane, with broad humanity. The story is an old one. The money is left to Cinderella and Cinderella reforms the Prodigal Son, then marries him. It was, however, the development of all these characters around that central theme that interested Mr. Davis. This he has done superbly, with economy of incident, faithfulness of dialogue and quick moving emotional development. Henry Jordan speaks and it is the very soul of the small-minded Yankee speaking:

There hasn't been a Jordan, before Ben, who's disgraced the name in more'n a hundred years; he stands indicted before the Grand Jury for some of his drunken devilment. If he hadn't run away, like the

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criminal he is, he'd be in the State's Prison now, down to Thomaston. Don't talk *Ben* to me, after the way he broke mother's heart, and hurt my credit!

And again, Ben, the prodigal speaks:

BEN. Look out there! (*He points out of the window at the drifted snow.*) It's like that half of the year, froze up, everything, most of all the people. Just a family by itself, maybe. Just a few folks, good an' bad, month after month, with nothin' to think about but just the mean little things, that really don't amount to nothin', but get to be bigger than all the world outside.

JANE (*sewing*). Somebody must do the farming, Ben.

BEN. Somebody like the Jordans, that's been doin' it generation after generation. Well, look at us. I heard a feller, in a Y. M. C. A. hut, tellin' how nature brought animals into the world, able to face what they had to face —

JANE. Yes, Ben?

BEN. That's what nature's done for us Jordans — brought us into the world half froze before we was born. Brought us into the world mean, and hard, so's we could live the hard, mean life we have to live.

There are two speeches in "Icebound" that I don't believe. Perhaps you do. I remember that they cried out at me as I saw the play and they do the same now that I read it. Each one is laugh provoking; but the laughter is not, I think, legitimate. They are both in the last act where laughs, I suppose, are precious. The Jordans are grouped in the parlor, discussing that frigid room:

ELLA. I don't know as it was ever what I called a cheerful room.

HENRY (*Severely*) A parlor's where a person's supposed to sit and think of God, and you couldn't expect it to be cheerful!

Now, do you honestly think, Mr. Davis, that Henry Jordan would have made that speech? Mind you, the stage direction reads, not *ironically* but *severely*. Then, again, Orin, the ten year old comments: "Say, Mum! What do you s'pose Uncle Henry thinks he means when he says things?" Perhaps Orin is simply Mr. Davis, puzzled by his own character of Henry. Surely, that speech isn't Orin! However, here is a fine play, finely and truly wrought.

Finally, we come face to face with "The Fool", Channing Pollock's sermon on democracy which has proved itself a money maker of the first magnitude. In seeing this play, one is likely to be swept completely from one's chair by the climax of Act III, where the Christ-like Goodkind is saved by the prayers of a little cripple child who at the same time is miraculously healed. It is a scene which combines time honored tricks with that reality which springs from an almost universal *wish* to believe in miracles. Theatrically, this is excellent. For the most part, Pollock writes clearly and forcibly to prove the old thesis that a Christ-like life is possible. The pulse of the play is democratic, if not actually socialistic. Any amount of sentimental popular appeal one could forgive; but can one overlook lines like these:

DR. WADHAM. I told Mr. Hinkle the choir'd better begin by singing, "Peace, Perfect Peace, With the Loved Ones Far Away".

(DILLY *laughs and turns up L., chanting "My Wife's Gone to the Country". Scandalized, MRS. GILLIAM hushes her.*)

MRS. TICE. I met him in front of Tiffany's!

JERRY. The most dangerous corner in New York!

MRS. GILLIAM. Quite right! And I don't pay seven thousand dollars a year to hear my husband's coffee roasted!

(They all laugh — the more because of the previous tension. MRS. GILLIAM, surprised at first, sees the point, and joins in the laughter.)

Well, you understand what I mean!

MR. BARNABY *(Indifferently)*. A poor man. I think he's a Jew.

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GOODKIND. Who ever heard of a poor Jew?

These belong in a musical comedy; but surely not in a drama which claims to be the latest interpretation of the Christian religion.

The new edition of "The Ziegfeld Follies" offers little that is really new. Brooks John, Ann Pennington, and even Eddie Cantor do not palliate the loss of Will Rogers and the charming Mary Eaton. Earl Carroll wins in his "Vanities". They are fresh, original and produced with a taste and lavishness that rivals and, in my opinion, excels Mr. Ziegfeld. His music is good. His ballets are gorgeous. His humorous sketches and specialties, even those which do not offer the expert Mr. Cook, have a most unusual touch of drollery. Using levels of blocks and stairs and a well lighted cyclorama, Mr. Carroll has simplified the background of a review and set off to advantage his rich if not heavy costuming. His star, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, adds much personality, if not ability, to the show. All in all, it is a most merry evening to be had at the Earl Carroll Theatre.

OUTSTANDING MOTION PICTURES

1. THE COVERED WAGON: *With its background of sturdy Americanism, this picture still remains the most thrilling and the most beautiful of films.*

2. PETER THE GREAT: *Stirring scenes and a well managed story make this German motion picture well worth seeing. (Reviewed below.)*

"MERRY-GO-ROUND", a love story set in war time Austria, is superbly directed, well photographed and has an undoubted appeal. The story is usual, cheap and in no sense original except for one fact: the directors have been clever enough to make a *type* of each character. In a sense, though they point to it only in their symbolical use of the spinning merry-go-round, they have made elaborate symbolism of this play. It is the breaking down of aristocracy, the overcoming of cruelty, the triumph of sweet and simple love over vain and selfish posing. This they have done cleverly and movingly, and the picture cannot fail, therefore, to appeal to a multitude.

Emil Jannings in "Peter the Great" offered nothing new or startling in his acting. This stout foreigner has not equalled his early successes. However, the scenario was a clever one. Peter is made at the same time cruel and appealing. The battle scenes are really thrilling. The plots and counter-plots exciting. Katharine is a superb and spirited figure. Here is a picture, marred for me by one or two moments of typically Teutonic vulgarity, which will interest you extremely.

"Rupert of Hentzau" with an all star cast, with Bert Lytell doubling, with Lew Cody moustached villain, with Elaine Hammerstein in queenly array, with a story which might have been as good as "The Prisoner of Zenda", succeeded in being only wooden, obviously expensive, and annoyingly crowded with reading titles. What a pity so much good material was wasted, is about all one can say!

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THE BOOKMANS' GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Monthly Book Bulletin", and* "THE BOOKMAN'S *Monthly Score". Such books as the editor especially recommends are marked with a star.*

WEST OF THE WATER TOWER—Anonymous —*Harper.* Homer Croy's anonymous story of a wayward youth and his exceedingly realistic love affair.

*BLACK OXEN—Gertrude Atherton—*Boni, Liveright.* The adventures of a countess and a colymnist, with glandular treatments as the *pièce de resistance.*

THE SOUL OF ABE LINCOLN—Bernie Babcock—*Lippincott.* Another attempt to novelize the Lincoln legend, with some success.

THE SCUDDERS—Irving Bacheller—*Macmillan.* The older generation again objects to the supposed follies of youth.

THE DIM LANTERN—Temple Bailey—*Penn.* A pastoral of laces, ribbons, love notes and other purely domestic felicities.

*ONE OF OURS—Willa Cather—*Knopf.* A *papier-mâché* hero trying hard to be real in an artistic and thoroughly beautiful setting.

ERIS—Robert W. Chambers—*Doran.* In short, a pastoral-comical-historical-tragical novel in several reels and an occasional blind staggers.

SNAKE DOCTOR—Irvin S. Cobb—*Doran.* The O. Henry prize short story for 1922 gives title to this Cobb collection, not without its Judge Priest.

LONELY FURROW—Maud Diver—*Houghton Mifflin.* The Gordian knot: a husband in India, a wife too long away, the other woman and no honorable way out; but is it fair to conveniently kill off a central character?

*THE ENCHANTED APRIL—"Elizabeth"—*Doubleday, Page.* How to escape a husband in April and find him again in the Italian sunshine. An entertaining recipe for tired wives, and others.

FLAMING YOUTH—Warner Fabian—*Boni, Liveright.* The heroine is another fictional "Pat"—you can guess the rest.

*FAINT PERFUME—Zona Gale—*Appleton.* Combining her old and her new manner, Miss Gale makes a successful experiment in sentimental realism.

THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD—Philip Gibbs —*Doran.* Remaking Europe furnishes a symbolical background for the complications of love and life.

WANDERER OF THE WASTELAND—Zane Grey—*Harper.* A tale of sin expiated in the fastnesses of the desert.

WITHIN THESE WALLS—Rupert Hughes —*Harper.* The skeleton in the closet—but what a fascinating early New York closet, to be sure!

SIMON CALLED PETER—Robert Keable—*Putnam.* How to find sex, though a minister, still proves interesting to the public, apparently.

BEYOND THE MENACE—Harriet Graham Lewis—*Stratford.* "Destiny has two currents, and men are free to choose"—the remainder of the book is every bit as good as this extract from the preface.

THE DAY'S JOURNEY—W. B. Maxwell—*Doubleday, Page.* The story of a friendship —how life treats two men and brings them on steadily together.

MR. AND MRS. SEN—Louise Jordan Miln —*Stokes.* A marriage of yellow and white causes interesting complications and offers an attractive background.

*WHERE THE BLUE BEGINS—Christopher Morley—*Doubleday, Page.* Delicate fancy, exquisite satire—a domestic comedy of beauty and charm, canine throughout.

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TRODDEN GOLD—Howard Vincent O'Brien—*Little, Brown.* Without love what matters the gold of this world? A dual domestic romance that is stimulating and clever.

THE MYSTERY ROAD—E. Phillips Oppenheim—*Little, Brown.* Various nationalities play their part in a story of love and intrigue in at least three or four countries.

THE FOUR STRAGGLERS—Frank Packard—*Doran.* A bizarre and gruesome melodrama with many a swift climax, and a couple of anti-climaxes.

FATHOMS DEEP—Elizabeth Stancy Payne—*Penn.* A mysterious secret and a howling gale fortunately fail to wreck a well handled story of love on a house boat.

THE VISION OF DESIRE—Margaret Pedler—*Doran.* A love story in which a weak hero finds a fine upstanding heroine after he has adventured awhile in misogyny.

THE WOLF TRAIL—Roger S. Pocock—*Appleton.* Theosophy, dreaming true, reincarnation, an allegory of the Passion, Oregon Indian life, all are unable to spoil an excellent love story.

DANGER—Ernest Poole—*Macmillan.* A dismal discussion of what a woman's nerve may do to wreck a man's world.

THE LEFT LEG—T. F. Powys—*Knopf.* Keenly observant studies of Dorset Village life that find something ugly, grotesque or malformed in every human soul.

STELLA DALLAS—Olive Higgins Prouty—*Houghton Mifflin.* Marriage above or below your social class—an old problem—competently handled.

*THE HAWKEYE—Herbert Quick—*Bobbs, Merrill.* A worthy sequel to "Vandemark's Folly". Young Fremont is an appealing hero, and the political characteristics of the early west are interesting.

IRONHEART—Wm. McLeod Raine—*Houghton Mifflin.* Another man loses his soul and finds it—from army officer to tramp and part way back.

PONJOLA—Cynthia Stockley—*Putnam.* A trouser disguised heroine endures and dares in the wilds of Africa. *Ponjola* is a drink.

THE SEA-HAWK—Rafael Sabatini—*Houghton Mifflin.* Barbary Corsairs fling themselves romantically through this historical romance by the man who seems quite as indefatigably prolific as Dumas.

*THE FASCINATING STRANGER—Booth Tarkington—*Doubleday, Page.* Adolescent drolleries, bachelor whimsies—Mr. Tarkington is always himself.

THE POINTED TOWER—Vance Thompson—*Bobbs-Merrill.* A Parisian mystery story with a background of character and romance.

MR. PODD—Freeman Tilden—*Macmillan.* This humorously satirical account of a certain rich man's pacifist argosy will add immensely to the gaiety of nations.

HIS CHILDREN'S CHILDREN—Arthur Train—*Scribner.* Wickedness through several generations makes an entertaining background for the author's thoroughly moral mood concerning New York society.

*THE CATHEDRAL—Hugh Walpole—*Doran.* Rich with cathedral-town color, this is the story of pride brought low, of broken ambition and futile passion.

MEN LIKE GODS—H. G. Wells—*Macmillan.* What Utopia might be like to men of the generations to come.

THRIFTY STOCK—Ben Ames Williams—*Dutton.* Eighteen short stories that, taken as a whole, show Mr. Williams at his far from inconsiderable best.

THE TENTH MOON—Sidney Williams—*Penn.* Murder, mystery, love—from whatever point of view, this is excellently well done.

THE NIGHT OF THE WEDDING—C. N. and A. M. Williamson—*Doran.* Here comes, and there goes the bride, whose unfathomable disappearance was caused by her playing a post-wedding march.

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COMPANION OF QUIET

By Joseph Auslander

I

YOU who have shared the sunset with me, known
Tranquillities of tone,
Cathedral me in thought, be architect,
And out of silences erect
A temple where we two may stand alone.

And love will be the pontiff of our peace,
And beauty without cease
Will stain the bleeding oriels; night will glow
With candles: we will know
The pressure of cool hands and long release.

II

When the fires of thought are low and burned away,
And one bird ripples to the bronzing west,
And hearthlight flickers with the fading day
Against the shadows in the room of rest,
And quiet things are like your hands caressed:

Then when the air is smoothed to more than sleep
In a fine agitation of all sense,
Loosen the beautiful silence that you keep
Locked in the cool cave of deliverance
And whelm me in a velvet violence.

Hands that have never failed me in the hour
Of my most tranquil need, be on my head
The speechless benediction of a flower
Fallen from a garland of the dead,
And let no word be contemplate or said.

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

Tabloid Essays

A CERTAIN very clever young American author remarked of Aldous Huxley's essays in "On the Margin" (Doran), "Any young man of brains could have written those!", which, granting its possible truth, called forth the not unnatural retort, "Why don't they, then? It seems well worth the trouble!" These short pieces are filled with wit and charm. It is true that they are not so brilliant as I had been led to expect by a reading of English reviews of them. Yet how eminently quotable they are! What a wise young man Mr. Huxley is, to be sure. How acutely he understands the turning of a phrase! Here is a paragraph on the modern love of pleasure. It is obvious enough, no doubt; but succinct, true, all there — every bit:

> It will go, perhaps, the way the Romans went: the Romans who came at last to lose, precisely as we are doing now, the capacity to distract themselves; the Romans who, like us, lived on ready-made entertainments in which they had no participation. Their deadly ennui demanded ever more gladiators, more tightrope-walking elephants, more rare and far-fetched animals to be slaughtered. Ours would demand not less; but owing to the existence of a few idealists, doesn't get all it asks for. The most violent forms of entertainment can only be obtained illicitly; to satisfy a taste for slaughter and cruelty you must become a member of the Ku Klux Klan. Let us not despair, however; we may still live to see blood flowing across the stage of the Hippodrome. The force of a boredom clamouring to be alleviated may yet prove too much for the idealists.

What a blessed thing it was for me to find someone agreeing with me about book collecting, a dreary occupation at best. The opening paragraph of Mr. Huxley's essay, "VIII: Bibliophily", I must therefore quote. Says Mr. Huxley:

> Bibliophily is on the increase. It is a constatation which I make with regret; for the bibliophile's point of view is, to me at least, unsympathetic and his standard of values unsound. Among the French, bibliophily would seem to have become a kind of mania, and, what is more, a highly organized and thoroughly exploited mania. Whenever I get a new French book I turn at once — for in what disgusts and irritates one there is always a certain odious fascination — to the fly-leaf.

The satirical bit called, "Tibet", is, I think, the most amusing one in the book and, perhaps, more characteristic of that mordant, biting quality one expects from this author than the other essays. Then, too, in addition to the faculty he possesses for expressing obvious truths in felicitous garb, Huxley can draw a perfectly good satirical picture in a sentence. What could be nearer Mr. Chesterton in an entire essay than this brief characterization?

> Among the minor makers of oriflammes there is our own Mr. Chesterton, with his heroic air of being for ever on the point of setting out on a crusade, glorious with bunting and mounted on a rocking-horse.

India Sees America

There is more poetry in "Caste and Outcast" (Dutton) than in most books of modern verse, and it is simply straightforward prose written by an Indian, Dhan Gopal Mukerji. Here is a story which at once combines a quality of eager intellectual adventuring with an unusual sense of how to marshal facts to create a readable

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story. Mukerji is a Brahmin. He draws deep of the stars of Hindu learning. The early portions of his book dealing with his childhood are filled with poetic beauty and mysticism. This, for example:

I asked my father once, "Why music?" He answered, "I don't know, but I think this. Once on a time there were nine stars and one of them was attracted by the life of the world and fell away to come to earth. No one knows what happened, but it lost itself in everything that lives. From time to time it cries out to the other eight stars; that is music."

Or this:

Toward midday we came to where the Himalayas began to tell us everything: we heard the booming of the cataracts falling from far up in the rocks, and the little rivers screeching, the moan of the tiger, and the screaming of the eagle, while above all, the vast white head of the mountains rose saying, "Nothing matters. Sit still. I have sat still thousands of years, and because I sit still the rivers flow, the eagles fly and the tigers call." Then for the first time I understood what was meant by silence and being.

After a life of prayer and meditation, wearing the saffron priest's robe, begging from door to door, meditating on the littleness of events and the greatness of God, imagine the change of scene when the young man finds himself in America.

Somebody directed me to a boarding house where I spent the night. When I was called to breakfast the next morning I noticed the sugar was missing from the table. When after some fuss the landlady produced the sugar, I said to her: "This reduces the entire discussion to a *reductio ad absurdum*", she exclaimed: "My God, what's that?"

Mukerji found himself quickly associated with radicals of one sort or another. Here we have a graphic picture of those young men who, in every country, I suppose, sit about tables, half starved, intensely curious and allow their souls to wander among the philosophical stars. What better picture of the case of anarchistic philosophy than this paragraph.

"Oh, yes!" Jerry said. "Man is a strange slave. If he is not the slave of love, he is indeed the slave of pity. If you arouse his pity he'll do anything for you. I seem to do nothing but arouse everybody's pity. I despise them for it. I am nothing but an occasion on which they exploit their own emotion. I continually feel like a victim."

Graphic enough, don't you think?

Presently, however, Mukerji, after his struggles to educate himself, becomes a respectable lecturer. He still remains, fortunately, a poet. This is a moving story and an appealing one. It is as good in its way as "Up Stream" and sounder in its conclusions.

For the Book Reviewer

We have already published a note on Arthur Machen's "Hieroglyphics" (Knopf) in "The Gossip Shop". That fact shall not deter me from reviewing it again. Here is a glorious discussion of criticism, written with a beauty and clarity that is almost in the Greek mood, written, too, with an impish sense of humor. Of course, you will not read it at all, I pray you, unless you are deeply interested in problems of criticism! Heavens, how bored you would be! This means, I suppose, that few book reviewers will ever see inside the plain yellow covers, and will therefore go on being quite unenlightened as to Mr. Machen's theories. Of course, most book reviews are bosh! I recommend a book to you in solemn and serious phrases! You read it, perhaps, unless you have already learned that the books that I recommend are books that never by any chance appeal to you. This is a fine book, you exclaim, knowing perfectly well that it isn't a fine book, really! We all speak comparatively we who read many books,

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we who write of them. Dull books march across our desks, bad books follow them, all of a sudden one which contains just a little spark of goodness appears and we are overwhelmed. We shout its praises. We are convinced that it is a superb effort, knowing perfectly well all of the time that it has nothing whatever to do with literature. It may be one of a number of other things; but surely not fine writing, a product as rare as platinum, or even, as radium. So argues Mr. Machen. What noble conclusions are these!

> Well, I really hope that we have at last settled the matter; that fine literature is simply the expression of the eternal things that are in man, that it is beauty clothed in words, that it is always ecstasy, that it always draws itself away, and goes apart into lonely places, far from the common course of life. Realise this, and you will never be misled into pronouncing mere reading-matter, however interesting, to be fine literature; and now that we clearly understand the difference between the two, I propose that we drop the "fine" and speak simply of literature.

The Making of the West Again

Few authors of whom I can think are so skilful as is Herbert Quick in using local historical data for fictional purposes. "The Hawkeye" (Bobbs-Merrill) is as skilful in this respect as was his "Vandemark's Folly"; but Jake Vandemark was, somehow, a more appealing hero than Fremont McConkey. This is not a matter of character. Fremont is a wistful, a bold, an adventurous young man. He is engaging in his struggles, he is tender in passages of love; but his adventures do not lead him far afield. There are not so many open spaces in the sequel as there were in the earlier novel. However, please don't let me drive you away from what is an excellent and an interesting novel. It is the story of pioneer politics and journalism, of "just a newspaper man" in early Iowa days. The story is crowded with characters and incidents. They are well drawn characters and vivid incidents. The picture of young Fremont at the convention, his initiation in politics, is one that is not easy to forget. Fremont is the dreamer, the poet, forced to face actualities, yet somehow in the story the actualities prevail and Fremont, for me at least, lives less as a poet than as a sort of nebulous hero moving among the many happenings of a long historical novel. His mother, a well drawn character, homely, sentimental, but, I think, true, says of him:

> "He's young," said Mrs. McConkey. "He's growin' yet in his mind and soul. It's kind o' mournful, to think it; but the time'll come in the course o' nature when he'll look back to this grief as if it was in some other life, or in an awful dream. Otherways, he couldn't live — none of us could. The hurt will heal, even if it does leave a scar or a limp. An' Fremont's got a medicine that most folks hain't. I mean, books. He hain't been readin' much lately, but he's going back to it. He was readin' that fool stuff they call poetry — Browning — last night. I know him, Cathie. When he can read, he's got a new Heaven an' a new earth to explore, an' if you can give him trips into it, he'll be greatly helped to git well of his hurts. God bless you, Cathie. You seem like a daughter of my own!"

So we are told, was Fremont McConkey; but I do not believe Mr. Quick has quite succeeded in bestowing upon him that magic which made the Uncle Jake Vandemark — "People tell how he drove into the country, a green Dutch canal hand, and now look at him!" — of that earlier story authentic, real, triumphantly a hero. Perhaps it is absurd always to be looking for a hero! Fremont McConkey is a good citizen, and I am interested in his affairs; but as a poet? Well — Old Uncle Jake had a blamed sight more of the poet in him!

—*J. F.*

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

"THE DANCE OF LIFE"

By Charles A. Bennett

Mr. Bennett's review is the ninth of a series of longer book reviews to be published each month in THE BOOKMAN. *The books discussed will not necessarily be new nor will they be books which have never before been reviewed in the magazine. The aim of the editors is to present, in the selection of volumes and reviewers, articles which shall constitute solid pieces of criticism.*

"The dance is the rule of number and of rhythm and of measure and of order, of the controlling influence of form, of the subordination of the parts to the whole. . . . Life must always be a dance, for that is what a dance is: perpetual slightly varied movements which are yet always held true to the shape of the whole."

THE reflections of the amateur philosopher are always interesting, partly because he is likely to be more readable than his technical brother, but chiefly because he can afford to be less circumspect. He has no thesis to defend and no professional reputation to maintain. He is not intimidated by the requirements of logical consistency. He may be impressionistic and set down his insights and convictions as they have established themselves in his mind. And this freedom or audacity will often cause him to strike out truths which the disciplined thinker, with his more cautious procedure, might never reach. Thus the work of the amateur stimulates and excites: its value lies not in closing but in opening discussion.

In the field of philosophy Mr. Havelock Ellis admits that he is an amateur; let us add that he is an amateur in the best sense. He inherits and carries on that English tradition whose great figures are such men as Bacon, Locke and Shaftesbury. For him, as for them, philosophy is not a separate discipline or career, "it is philosophy only in the simple sense in which the Greeks understood philosophy, merely a philosophy of life, of one's own life in the wide world." "In the wide world" for him, as for them, it is the speculation of a mind stored with learning, cosmopolitan, tolerant, versatile.

"This book was planned many years ago. As to the idea running through it, I cannot say when that arose. My feeling is, it was born with me. . . . The idea underlies much that I have written. Even the present book began to be written and to be published in a preliminary form more than fifteen years ago." Now after a life in which he has achieved eminence as psychologist, literary critic, sociologist, and essayist, he turns to give definite shape to this philosophy of life. What form does that philosophy take?

It is not easy to give a summary answer. The book is hard to read. It is not a single argument but a number

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of intricate variations upon one theme; it is allusive — perhaps too allusive for the reader's comfort; it has digressions which are like loosely woven patches in the total fabric. It is made up of chapters on "The Art of Dancing", "The Art of Thinking", "The Art of Writing", "The Art of Religion", "The Art of Morals". Each is an elaboration of the Greek idea that life itself is to be taken as an art, or rather as *the* comprehensive Art. This will not mean much at first sight to an age in which art is opposed to use and so stands for so much decorative futility or for the private cult of the great Côterie of the Inefficient. But let us see what the doctrine becomes in the hands of Mr. Havelock Ellis.

Contemporary culture might be said to be founded upon the principle of self determination among the arts, using art in the wide sense of any major organized interest of civilized man. We hear of Art for Art's sake, of Duty for Duty's sake, of Business for Business's sake — are we not as concerned to "keep the wheels of business turning" as was ever vestal virgin to sustain the sacred flame? — of Science for Science's sake. We are masters of discrimination, quick to resent the infringement by any one part of the mind upon another. And so science is opposed to religion, beauty to use; we are zealous to keep our business separate from morality and to keep morality out of art — yet we have not gained either happiness or confidence. Ours, after all, are merely the triumphs of a psychological boundary commission. How are these separate interests to learn to live together? How shall we find such unity among the purposes of life as religion in its great ages seems to have conferred upon man? How shall we define in our own terms that "well being" which to the Greeks constituted the end of the art of living? To these problems our own age has no solution. The author of this book sees the hope for the integration of our scattered energies in the development of the impulse of the artist. This he believes to be the most fundamental impulse in human nature, capable of taking up into itself — sublimating, if you like, — all the others. The whole burden of these chapters is to show that science, religion, morals and the rest can be brought together and enriched in their mutual contact by being infused with the spirit of the artist.

Take, for example, the conflict between science and religion. This opposition between two fundamental human instincts impoverishes science, impoverishes religion, and distorts human nature. But if we take science to mean "the organization of an intellectual relationship to the world we live in adequate to give us some degree of power over that world", then the winning of that organization is an art. Some scientists seem to regard truth as something to be blasted or dug out: the scene of their activities is like a pithead. We are impressed with the signs of machinery, industry, efficiency methods and a sweating strenuosity. Others look upon truth as a lady to be won. Sensitiveness, imagination, intuition, flexibility — these and not the ponderous machinery of research make up their equipment. The latter are the true men of science; but in their hands science is as much an art as courtship is. Religion, on the other hand, according to Mr. Ellis, is "the joyful organization of an emotional relationship to the world conceived as a whole". From this point of view religion too — though here he is impenetrably obscure — is an art. Thus regarded, religion and science, in their

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proper essences, do not and cannot conflict: they are revealed as different branches of the one art of harmonious adjustment to the universe.

What I have just called the spirit of the artist is beautifully defined and exemplified in such chapters as those on "The Art of Writing" and "The Art of Morals". The genius of the artist consists in being able to achieve originality without falling into eccentricity, in reconciling the freedom of the creative impulse with the authority of canon and tradition. It is a task as difficult as it is dangerous to expound the doctrine that the artist is a law to himself and in some sense superior to rules and conventions, but the chapter on the art of writing is a brilliantly successful statement of the position. Mr. Ellis makes a fine plea for the freedom of the artist from the tyranny of external rules, but he is equally concerned to insist upon the need for a literary conscience and loyalty to its authority. "Every writer is called afresh to reveal new strata of life. By digging in his own soul he becomes the discoverer of the soul of his family, of his nation, of the race, of the heart of humanity. For the great writer finds style as the mystic finds God, in his own soul." It is in the fine justice which he does to both these claims that Mr. Ellis is at his best.

This is not the place to enter upon any extended criticism of the philosophy of this book. I will merely mention two comments that occur to me. First, does not Mr. Ellis in the concept of life as an art offer us only a formal unification of human impulses? To be specific — one can see how religion and science may be reconciled by being interpreted as forms of art, but this harmony is only apparent. It is quite compatible with the persistence of the ancient conflict between them. How can our emotional attitude to the world, our religion, be independent of our intellectual relationship to it, our science? You cannot insulate emotion from belief, and if our scientific beliefs make up a soil and a climate in which the emotions of religion cannot grow, how shall it help us to be told that both science and religion are forms of art? That does not define for us any concrete good in life at which both science and religion aim. Secondly, one wonders if the unifying impulse in life is not rather to be found in religion than in art. It is true both of primitive and of civilized man that the times when all the arts of life were felt to converge upon a common end were the periods when religion penetrated and inspired all departments of human endeavour. A less purely naturalistic analysis of the mystical instinct than Mr. Ellis gives us would point towards the same conclusion.

Let me add that this book has all the qualities which have distinguished the other writings of the author: a wide learning which he has assimilated into the substance of his own thought, a profound and tolerant understanding of human nature in its manifold and changing expressions, a sanity and balance such as only nature or art at its best achieves. To read it is to refresh oneself at the springs of humanism.

The Dance of Life. By Havelock Ellis. Houghton Mifflin Co.

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

SOME TORCH BEARERS

By Maurice Francis Egan

NOTWITHSTANDING the whirling happiness we have in the knowledge that the world has been made safe for democracy, we still have a few causes of complaint. For example, why has the world not been made so safe from democracy that the taste of the masses has, through the sheer force of numbers, vitiated the taste of the elect? Why, for instance, has good cookery gone almost entirely out of the fashion? Of course, in the journals and the monthlies and in the weekly columns for the ladies, there is much advice on the subject of how to keep a good kitchen; but no man can take these things seriously. No person, male or female, of taste, can take these articles seriously. It is evident that the women who write them consult their own tastes rather than the tastes of that sex whom they used to call their lords and masters. The "veriest tyro" can see that none of these folk has ever pondered on the greatest cook book ever written for men, the "Physiology of Taste" by Brillat-Savarin. And no person ought to be permitted to write on cookery who does not know the essential doctrines of this great *gourmet* — even if we must amend the Constitution!

For a woman, Mrs. Nannie Talbot Johnson writes a book which must command some respect even from the initiated. It is sad, however, that she shows an undue attachment to food that is "creamed". Take, for instance, her recipe for spaghetti croustades with creamed oysters. It is a horrible example of what the American cook may do when she is left to her own devices. You naturally expect to find cream the essential of the recipe; but you find butter, flour, milk *or* cream, all of which is pure camouflage. She does not, we regret to say, condemn the horrible practice of dropping a spoonful of whipped cream into a perfectly palatable soup, and, in spite of her knowledge of the needs of the ordinary household, she offers us two recipes for Welsh rarebit, each of which contains eggs! Her management of sweets and cakes is dazzling, and we believe that this volume will become a necessity in all those tea shops with quaint names which attract those ladies who want to eat as much as possible without growing fat.

We hail the advent of G. F. Scotson-Clark as a gleam of a time to come, when there will be many places in New York where a man can eat with satisfaction. Why should the perfect curry and the perfect roast beef be confined to the exclusive India House? And why should the only man who can make an ideal Nesselrode pudding have fled to the recesses of the Martha Washington Hotel, from which he has never reappeared? And why is one obliged to spend an amount equal to one's income tax for a perfect dinner at the very few places in New York where a perfect dinner can be served?

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Mr. Scotson-Clark solves this question by his book; the most unpretentious manager of a restaurant who follows this guide — almost as infallible as the great Brillat-Savarin — cannot go wrong. His chapter on eggs is a little gospel in itself. Listen to this!

> And then the eating of a boiled egg. That is such a large part of the battle. A traveler I once knew, speaking of the Orient, told me that whenever he felt squeamish he ate boiled eggs and oranges. "Two things", he said, "that the filthy natives cannot spoil." Of course, he referred to eating the eggs from the shell. That, after all, is the only way to really enjoy a boiled egg. The sight of a soft boiled egg turned into a tumbler or one of those thick white eggcups of gigantic size, is enough to upset the strongest stomach in the early morning hours. Was it not Louis XIII (or was it Louis XV?) who used to breakfast in public and allow the people of Paris to watch him from the gallery of the breakfast hall strike off the top of his egg with one deft stroke of his knife? Alack! that I lived not in those days. I would have formed one of the onlookers. I have attempted the feat with dire results and am now content to gently tap the apex of the egg all around with a steel knife and then, with a sharp pressure against the thumb, sever the top without injury to the yolk. The next best way is to tap the top of the eggshell with the eggspoon, break it off in small pieces and then cut off the glistening white top.

On the subject of veal, the author of "Eating Without Fears" is audacious but correct. He runs counter to the usual American opinion, which has become almost an article of faith, that veal is indigestible. The truth is that veal when it is too young is poison, but when it is sufficiently mature, it is an excellent food, if cooked very slowly and thoroughly. But a veal cutlet is tasteless of itself. A little bacon fat, a spoonful of Worcestershire sauce, a small onion and some parsley at least help to make it really delicious. A veal cutlet, not part of an immature calf, breaded and served with tomato sauce is a dish worthy of the most fastidious appetite.

Mr. Scotson-Clark speaks an opportune word of English mustard, which is simply Coleman's mustard mixed with a little cold water. It is a relief to find that this astute author does not neglect *pommes de terres soufflées;* he makes an historical mistake when he assumes that they were discovered to please a president of the French Republic. Now, whatever be the merits of the French Republic, it has done nothing whatever to improve what is almost unimprovable — the *cuisine* of France. In fact, since the time of the Third Napoleon, the French restaurants have been painfully stationary. "Plon-Plon" and the Duke de Morny were the last of the *gourmets.* One ate potato soufflés in New Orleans during the time of the Third Empire. The perfect recipe for *pommes de terres soufflées* is given by Colette whose book does not suffer comparison with the best of all French cookbooks written for Americans, that of Mrs. Will H. Low. The fact that Mrs. Low's book is out of print shows to what terrible depths American cooking fell in the last twenty years. Colette's recipe for "puffed" potatoes may be read with reverence. It is the last word on the subject.

> Peel the raw potatoes and cut them into rounds the thickness of a cracker biscuit.
>
> Have two pans of deep fat on the fire. Let one be just melted, and the other so very hot that it has stopped bubbling and has begun to give off a thin blue smoke.
>
> Put the potatoes first into the pan of just melted fat. As soon as they begin to color, fish them out with a drainer, let them drip a moment, and then toss them into the very hot fat. You will see that, in a few seconds, they puff up enormously, becoming almost like balls in shape. Fish them out, drain them quickly, keeping them very hot all the while, and serve them promptly, powdered with salt. The right way to serve them is to wrap them in a warm table napkin, so that they may not catch cold and fall flat

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on their way to the dining room. Put only a few potatoes at a time in the second pan. If you put too many, they won't puff.

Colette shows her good sense by treating tapioca, except in soup, with the disdain it deserves. It is unfortunate that a limited space prevents an exposition of the merits of this sane and wise book.

When one picks up "Fish Cookery", one feels like Balboa when he discovered the Pacific. He did not know that there was a delicious kind of sole beneath those rolling waves; but we know it now. For us in the East, however, there are the small flounders which ought to be served with lemon juice only. This is one of the discoveries which the world owes to that misunderstood member of the Orleans family, Philippe Égalité.

The authors of "Fish Cookery" show us what can be done with shark, and there are lyrical pages on the treatment of the octopus and squib. The recipe for bouillabaisse is peerless. Our countrymen, as a rule, are not accustomed to really fresh fish and in the matter of fish sauces they seemed to be invincibly ignorant. The year 1923 has not been remarkable for any really great book, and while we do not call "Fish Cookery" a great book yet so far it is one of the most important volumes for the use of Americans printed during this century. The paragraphs on the rehabilitation of the sturgeon and the uses of prawns and shrimps should be memorized by every housewife!

The English have always been secretive on the subject of "bubble and squeak". As an English butler, blushing at an allusion to it, once said: "It is not eaten in the best 'ouses!" But why accept tripe and onions and push "bubble and squeak" — which we discover is kale chopped up with boiled potatoes and fried in bacon fat — out of the spotlight.

"The Jewish Cook Book" unveils the mystery of "sweet and sour", used for fish. It does not seem to be what some sentimental friends declare it, but one discovers how interesting it can be with other articles of diet. Readers of "Potash and Perlmutter" will no doubt rush to this book in order to unveil the mystery. Here one discovers the secret of the good health and the good complexion of the well brought up Jew and Jewess; this is a secret which the Gentile ought to begin to make use of. Kosher meat, for instance, is the best kind of meat and prepared in the most nutritious way. The sweets, however, force us to exclaim with Dickens's fat boy: "Here's richness". There is one recipe in this fascinating book which would utterly dismay that great hygienist, Moses. It is called "Strawberries à la Bridge". This is evidently an interpolation of which "Aunt Babette", the predecessor of Miss Greenbaum, would never have been guilty. It could only have originated in "Main Street" with other landscape salads.

"Right Food, the Right Remedy" is revolutionary; it has a fatal fascination. It requires close study and, if you once study it, it will haunt every meal you eat. It is scientific and practical. As an example, it frowns on pork and beans. It is pleasant to find that sugar should never be mixed with *légumes* — this, one hopes, will drive out of existence the pot o' beans, bathed in pork fat, with slashes of molasses!

Out of every hundred women who cook or direct cooking, only one will profit by this great opportunity offered by these volumes; but there are men, men who are beginning to assert their independence, who have at last

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learned that they have been fed too long, not on what they want to eat, but on what their women relatives and the hidebound *chefs* of the restaurants and hotels think they ought to eat. The dawn of enlightenment is slowly coming and these books, especially "Eating Without Fears", are the torches of the coming revolution.

Right Food, the Right Remedy. By Charles C. Froude, B.Sc. Brentano's.
What to Cook and How to Cook It. By Nannie Talbot Johnson. G. P. Putnam's Sons Co.
Eating Without Fears. By G. F. Scotson-Clark. Nicholas L. Brown.
Colette's Best Recipes. By Marie Jacques. Little, Brown and Co.
Fish Cookery. By Evelene Spencer and John N. Cobb. Little, Brown and Co.
Jewish Cook Book. By Florence K. Greenbaum. Bloch Publishing Co.

POEMS COLLECTED AND SELECTED

By David Morton

"COLLECTED" poems and "selected" poems come to us, in these days, frequently with a start of surprise. The poets grow to proportions sooner than we expect. Perhaps it is all a part of the familiar phenomenon of years and events going by more rapidly than we realize, until suddenly our attention is wrenched to a neglected perspective. It seems so little while ago that Masefield was a new planet. Yet his volume of "Collected Poems" has been on the shelf, now, long enough to warrant — in the opinion of his publishers — a book of "Selected Poems" also. Vachel Lindsay is even yet regarded, in certain remote and inner chambers, as "one of the young men". Yet here is a volume of "Collected Poems", running to nearly 400 pages, with an expository and autobiographical introduction. And George Sterling, an older name than Mr. Lindsay's, but a writer still in the country of midcareer, appears with a book of "Selected Poems".

The new Masefield volume is modest in physical proportions and contents. It runs but a trifle in excess of 250 pages, and contains approximately fifty selections from previous books, with one additional narrative, five sonnets, and a lyric not previously published. The selections are made by the author himself and are drawn from his narratives and sonnets and lyrics. The selections, on the whole, are fortunate. In Mr. Masefield's narratives, certain passages rise to rememberable excellence and, moreover, are susceptible of use apart from context. These are printed here, along with some of the sonnets to Beauty and some of the more popular of early lyrics. The new narrative, "Nireus", the story of a friend of Paris who also was in love with Helen, is direct and simple in treatment, with Masefield's characteristic touches of sudden and lighting beauty and the usual passages of awkward, uninspired speech. The poem moves through several changes of rhythm, but for the most part quietly, in moods regretful and remorseful, to a close of happy peace. It has nothing of the interest or the passion or the breathless rush of incident that characterize the author's better known narratives, such as "Dauber" and "The Everlasting Mercy" and "Reynard the Fox". Nor has it the spiritual richness of the more contemplative sonnets. It will not contribute a great deal to the poet's reputation. The new sonnets and the lyric have aspects of Beauty for their themes, with the characteristic Masefieldian approach of frank adoration and faith

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in the divine ministry of his adored.

Vachel Lindsay, in a brief but full and spectacular career, has rarely failed of being both interesting and stimulating. No poet in America has spoken with such emphatic accents and such unhushed assertiveness the faith that is in him. In another particular, also, he stands almost alone. It would be difficult to name another poet whose thought and life and poetry are so much at one. His poetry is not to be thought of apart from his life. It is the accent and music and rhythm of his days, and the nonsense and beauty and vision of his mind and spirit, become articulate. The "Collected Poems" affords an interesting perspective of this life and spirit and their articulation. There is scarcely anyone who will like every poem in the book. The range of subject matter and quality alike reaches from pole to pole. Yet, even where the poetic values are nowhere discoverable — and there are such passages — there is a genuine effort at realities. Much poetry of a high and moving and inspirational quality is here — and much that is none of these things. But the book justifies its large proportions, and will do much to win to the author some who needed this long view of his work for an appreciation of his peculiar power.

All who are interested in the conservation of authentic poetry written in this country will welcome the publication at this time of the "Selected Poems" of George Sterling. Mr. Sterling, during the past quarter century, has made valuable contributions to the body of American poetry. He has written, within that period, poems that have the pose of permanency upon them as they appear in their niches in the anthologies from year to year. As a conscientious artist, with a certain large way of seeing the world and of feeling about life, he has won a respected place for himself in American letters. His poetry is in "the grand manner", no longer the fashion of the day; but changing fashions do not lastingly affect the enduring and fundamental poetic values, and much of Mr. Sterling's work possesses these in rich endowment. His muse is concerned with the larger aspects of life and destiny, and these themes he approaches with a language of appropriate proportions. The poems in this volume are selected by the author from six previous collections of verse and three dramatic poems. The book is attractively and substantially made.

It is well to be in a state of lively awareness when reading "Black Armour" by Elinor Wylie. Indeed, that is true of all Mrs. Wylie's poetry. It will not do to come to it in a dreamy mood of mental weariness and surrender. It is not poetry of relief and escape from the world of sharp edges and brittle realities. On the contrary, it is the same world, with each sharp edge and each reality — of the mind and spirit — caught up and sharpened to a point of telling intensity. Both in "Nets to Catch the Wind," Mrs. Wylie's first book, and in "Black Armour" are poems to open many little doors upon the individual and peculiar chambers of the author's mind. Here, revealed in a steady, concentrated light, are the transmuted fruits of experience and reflection. It comes to be a poetry, primarily, of exploration in that interesting though necessarily narrow and special precinct. What it does not do is to open wide windows on an ample world of universal habitation and experience. Mrs. Wylie's gift for new yet strikingly apt symbols, metaphors, and epithets is manifest here, as in "Nets to Catch the

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Wind", to contribute freshness and to war upon somnolence. And here and there — notably in the last section of the book — are poems that are Beauty's own distillation. In this last section, also, are poems in which feeling transpires more freely and clearly, with less of the tortuous intellectual obstruction that characterizes much of Mrs. Wylie's work. On the whole, "Black Armour" is a highly distinctive contribution to the poetry of the period.

Willa Cather, author of the 1923 Pulitzer Prize novel, has an individual gift for achieving the simple clarity of classic song. "April Twilights", a book of poems running to less than seventy pages, and embracing selections from an earlier volume of the same name, with about a dozen new poems, is chiefly interesting for its examples of this medium for the communication of delicate feeling. Her titles betray an interest in classical themes and countries, and her method and language have the gesture and accent that suit. The western prairie country, in landscape and mood and history, is a theme which divides attention with the Old World in the author's subjects, and is the occasion of poetry less artistically satisfying, but sometimes moving. "April Twilights" is not verse of large proportions nor of profound movement, but many of the poems in the volume are pleasing, and some are wrought in a fineness and sureness, both of feeling and execution, that recommend them for rereading and preservation. "Grandmither, Think Not I Forget" and "Paradox" and "Thou Art the Pearl" lack the distinction of feeling and treatment that mark some of the poems, and are out of place in the company of such excellent pieces as "Lament For Marsyas", "A Likeness", and "The Poor Minstrel". "Macon Prairie", a combination narrative and character study, paints a vivid picture that is tragic, heroic — and memorable.

A freer movement, with more pronounced feeling, and a wider range of both theme and treatment are to be found in "Songs of Unrest" by Bernice Lesbia Kenyon. Miss Kenyon's work was well known to readers of American periodicals before it was collected between covers. The poems are in the conventional forms — forms so far from cramping to the author that the dexterous and facile use of them, and their perfection within themselves, constitute additional delights for the studiously minded among poetry readers. "Futility", with its conspiracy of form and matter, of sound and sense, is an example. Intimate, personal emotion runs through the greater number of the poems, but emotion disciplined, acutely observed and finely intellectualized. The spirit is one of fragile and heroic rigidity, standing, a little defiantly, in a world of storm. In workmanship, the poems leave nothing to be desired. Miss Kenyon is master of her medium. Two of the finest sonnets that have appeared in recent publications— in my opinion, at least — are printed here under the titles "Homecoming in Storm" and "Renewal". "Interim", a sequence in a somewhat freer form, is finely conceived and finely written, and carries the authentic accent of genuine feeling. Most of the poems are thoughtful and slow moving, but an occasional lyric, such as "September", which is nearly pure melody, is testimony to Miss Kenyon's singing quality. The collection is one of distinction, in thought, in feeling, in workmanship.

There is a good deal of pleasant — and some very excellent — reading in

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Amanda Benjamin Hall's first book of verse, "The Dancer in the Shrine". There is robust good sense in many of the poems, which makes the more surprising a note of religious sentimentality that is heard now and again in the book — notably in such poems as "A Dancer Dies". A sharp feeling for character is apparent in several instances, and throughout the collection, a lyric quality and a gift for illuminative epithet and phrase. Much ingenuity of conceit is here, but a more authentic imaginative quality is to be found in the poems of character delineation through the medium of brief narrative or steady and revealing gaze. Miss Hall is at her best in these, and in the crisp, epigrammatic lyrics where beauty and wisdom are hardly compressed.

Selected Poems. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Co.
Collected Poems. By Vachel Lindsay. The Macmillan Co.
Selected Poems. By George Sterling. Henry Holt and Co.
Black Armour. By Elinor Wylie. George H. Doran Company.
April Twilights. By Willa Cather. Alfred A. Knopf.
Songs of Unrest. By Bernice Lesbia Kenyon. Charles Scribner's Sons.
The Dancer in the Shrine. By Amanda Benjamin Hall. George H. Doran Company.

A SICK BOOK AND A HEALTHY ONE

By Ruth Hale

HERE, surely, is a queer pair of books to have falling together, even in the accidental coupling of a book review. Dr. Gina Lombroso writes of "The Soul of Woman", a thing she describes to be so finally, and as by edict, incapable of its own uprightness that one wonders she had the heart to bare her own with so much complacency; and the Vaertings, Mathilde and Mathias, in a translation by Eden and Cedar Paul, who claim for the soul of woman not only an equality with that of man's, but even, given the right sociological environment, an out and out identity.

In the face of this disparity of counsel, one might very well be obliged either to fall back upon what one thought in the first place, ignoring both, or to stand forever uncommitted and starving, like Burrian's ass. The two books are about equally vehement. But there is one respect in which there is a choice between them, which does not depend upon the soundness or unsoundness of what they contain. It is the curious quality of vitality. Perhaps one should be allowed a hæmoglobin count on books as well as on persons.

The translators claim for the Vaerting book that, although it is a long and arduous compilation of bibliographic research, it "reads like a novel". We wish we might be insured against ever reading another novel less engrossing. It reads like the best of Hudson, the best of George Borrow, or the best of Samuel Butler. It is primarily an explorer's book, an exploration into the future on the basis of the findings of the past.

Beside it the exhausted philosophy of the little Dr. Lombroso seems perhaps more pallid than it otherwise would. But nothing could take from "The Soul of Woman" the blight of faulty thinking which makes it halt and stumble through its interminable length. Dr. Lombroso has come to the conclusion — one discovers ultimately — that the soul of woman can find no satisfaction except under the authority and guidance of man, that the mission of woman is to bear children within the sociological protec-

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tion of her home, within the psychological protection of her man. This is certainly a good old doctrine, and it has been upheld for many a long year by a compact public opinion and by much undaunted individual opinion. It is, perhaps, whether wise or unwise, a little late now to be of practical use to anybody, but it has certainly had its able supporters. One wonders, then, how Dr. Lombroso can fail so badly in mere dialectic. It is literally true of her book that for every plain statement concerning women there will be found, not twenty pages away, an absolute contradiction of that very statement. Rationalizing one's prejudices may not be the highest form of literary endeavor, but if one is going in for it, it should at least be well done. For example, page 31: "Woman's self-confidence is not assumed; it is real, unconscious. It is absolutely spontaneous and independent, not only of her reasoning power, but of other people's opinion. . . . Real self-confidence, such as woman's, does not need ostentation, it is not weakened because others do not believe in it, it does not cease when it is no longer looked up to or considered advantageous." We then read along, with this fact conscientiously in mind, and on page 44 we come upon this: "Woman lacks the backbone which egotism gives man. For this reason she needs man, she needs a fixed point that remains immovable, imbued with its own tenacious purpose. She needs a force to concentrate her ardor and direct it. It is said that woman's desire to find some one to lean on is due to lack of intelligence or training on her part. No. Lack of intelligence has nothing whatever to do with it. On the contrary, her desire for some one to rely on increases rather than decreases with her intelligence, etc., etc." While one is staggering under the effort to figure out which of these two things she does mean, if anything, one's eye lights, at the foot of the page, upon this: "Only virile women do not feel the need of another intelligence than theirs"; and there is nothing left to say but: "Remove this woman. She has taken her father too seriously." On page 130, one finds: "Man has a certain amount of intuition too, etc." On page 131 one finds: "Frequently woman solves by the help of her intuition a process which seems incomprehensible to man, etc, etc." On page 185 one finds: "The highest type of woman cannot see life as it is, nor can she love without suffering." On page 187: "The highest type of woman sees life as it is, but most of the people around her do not." We submit that after a while this kind of thing permits the attention to wander.

Nothing like it happens to the Vaertings. Whether they are right or wrong, they know their own minds, and they are prepared with chapter and page to establish their claims, over historical periods of impressive length, and with authorities that nobody can sneeze at.

The trail they cut is clean and broad. They have set about forcing the thought of the world away from its preconception of final sex differentiation. They claim that woman as she now is is the creation of a dominant men's State, and that there have been States, plenty of them, where women were dominant, and where men had every characteristic now confidently branded as "feminine".

It is probably never possible to say that any book actually influences its time. The time creates the book. The Vaertings, whatever their actual claim to originality of deduction and re-

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search, say no more than the woman of the twentieth century is already saying. Their chief thesis, that secondary sex characteristics are almost entirely the product of social and psychological environment, could almost be proved out of the "United States Census", without a vestige of ancient papyrus to lean upon.

But there can be no discounting the satisfaction of having all the historical bolstering up of the theory in one book, a book which is a very index of the books and stones and ancient scrolls that corroborate it. Its excellent translation into English, done by the way, at the suggestion of Havelock Ellis, is another notch in the sticks of Eden and Cedar Paul. We do not intend to learn one word of German while either of them shall live.

The Soul of Woman (L'Anima Della Donna), Reflections on Life. By Gina Lombroso, D. L., M. D. E. P. Dutton and Company.
The Dominant Sex, a Study in the Sociology of Sex Differentiation. By Mathilde and Mathias Vaerting. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. George H. Doran Company.

CONTRASTS IN CRITICISM

By Robert Cortes Holliday

LITERARY criticism in the United States is supposed to be looking up. It used frequently to be said that we had no literary criticism. Still in the days that are bygone we had among others such commentators upon letters as W. C. Brownell, Royal Cortissoz, William Dean Howells, Henry James and James Huneker. At any rate, our criticism now certainly makes more noise than it used to do. And, presumably, it engages a more popular interest; that, indeed, is so much to the good.

Our most conspicuous contemporary literary criticism is highly differentiated from our most distinguished criticism in the days that were yesterdays. A commentator upon our present literary commentary might remark that in general its outstanding feature is a quality which may be most nearly defined as shrillness. It has vitality, no doubt. But the vociferousness of its tone at times reaches a point where it suggests the kind of vitality displayed by a woman screaming to the iceman down a dumbwaiter shaft. It is habitually pugnacious. It wears a chip on the shoulder. It appears very generally to be addressed to an opponent. It reminds one of the sort of uneasy character who constantly suspects that he is about to be attacked. It is the voice of the zealous attorney pressing his case, and so lacks the spirit of disinterested authority of the judge.

Further, our contemporary critic frequently seems to have his eye not so much on the thing itself — on literature, that is — as on some supposed opinion hostile to his own. Or, indeed, upon himself, and the brilliance and astuteness of his own judgments. He is not customarily, like the student of whom Hazlitt speaks, "wrapt in his golden studies".

Now a prime point about our elder American critics was that their first concern was with literature itself. Thus they were not pamphleteers but creative interpreters. In other words, in writing about literature they wrote literature. You may, for instance, today take down Mr. James's volume, "Partial Portraits", or his "French Poets and Novelists", and be charmed by the author's talent for literary portraiture,

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There are before us two books recently come from the press which have this old fashioned quality. They are both by Englishmen, and men rooted in a mellow tradition. Edmund Gosse's first book, "Northern Studies", (the record on the fly-leaf of his latest volume states) was published in 1879. ("Partial Portraits", by the way, was first printed in 1888.) Books, the dean of English critics remarks in his present preface, "are flowers that tempt into the sunshine bees, which I call memories, hived in the course of nearly sixty years of indiscriminate and insatiate reading". He continues: "When the infinite variety and charm of them fail to enchant me, it will be time for me to 'cease upon the midnight with no pain'."

"More Books on the Table" is a second series of Mr. Gosse's little essays contributed weekly to the London Sunday "Times", "Books on the Table" having met with an "encouraging" reception a couple of years ago. Mr. Gosse apologetically states that his little "sermons" are not to be regarded as "reviews" of the books which inspired them, by which he means that they do not pretend to give a full account of the contents of each book. His object, he says, is to pass on to others the pleasure which he has experienced. Would that we had in our magazines and papers more "reviews" comparable to these little causeries. They are the perfection of literary urbanity. Among Mr. Gosse's subjects are: "Queen Victoria", "A Shropshire Lad", "Edwin Abbey", "Yorick and His Eliza", "Burlesque", "The Art of Parody and Georgian Poetry". His suave irony finds delicious play about the "Home Life of Swinburne".

Arthur Symons also has been going on for a considerable length of time. He published "An Introduction to the Study of Browning" in 1886. When this reviewer was a youth, he was very much the vogue among the "sophisticates" (as the term now is), as an evangelist interpreting the "symbolist movement" in literature. He has always been a "collector's author". "Studies in Prose and Verse", now reissued, was first published in 1904, and has been long out of print. Epochal events which have transpired since that far away time give not a diminished but a heightened interest to some of the chapters, as, for instance, to the study of d'Annunzio.

More Books on the Table. By Edmund Gosse. Charles Scribner's Sons Co.

Studies in Prose and Verse. By Arthur Symons. With eight photogravures. E. P. Dutton and Co.

HOMELY DOSTOEVSKY

By Alexander Kaun

THE more we learn of Dostoevsky's private life the more incompatible does it appear with his creative genius. We wonder how this noble and cosmic artist could dwell in such a homely, at times even petty and repulsive, vessel. It was a case of split personality, no doubt. Dostoevsky, the artist, the plumber of man's soul, a pluralistic self torn with conflicts and contradictions, suspended over the abyss of doubt. And the citizen Fyodor Mikhailovich Dostoevsky — a retrograde journalist, mean, narrow, peevish, toady, and deadly cocksure.

The new letters of Dostoevsky, recently made public by the Central Archives of Soviet Russia, are chiefly interesting for the additional light they shed on the author's private life, on his non-artistic self. We learn

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some more details about the effect on Dostoevsky of the scene of execution, when he "was in the grip of death for three quarters of an hour". Surely this moment left an indelible mark on the writer's mind, and if it did not cause his epilepsy, it aggravated it beyond doubt, and made him susceptible to fits after mental or nervous strain. Thus he stated in a letter to Maikov that the finale of the second part of "The Idiot", "cost him two fits, one after another". Though on certain occasions he spoke of the "holy sickness" as a source of clairvoyance, revealing to him flashes of wondrous harmony, in these letters Dostoevsky plainly shows that his illness kept him on edge, filled him with constant fear and anxiety, diffidence and suspicion. "I am positively losing my mental faculties; for instance, my memory", he complains in a letter from abroad, ascribing this failing to his fits, and regarding his return to Petersburg with misgivings, for fear that there his ailment would grow worse. For days before delivering his Moscow speech on Pushkin he suffers from insomnia and "nightmares", anticipating that just on that important occasion he may be stricken. "I am afraid too of its being a rainy day and I may catch a cold", and again in the same letter to his wife: "I am afraid of catching cold on the opening day and of coughing while I am reading." He is tormented by forebodings, he suspects enemies everywhere, he foresees plots and conspiracies on the part of Turgenev and his group. It goes without saying that his jealousy is prodigious. His second wife, who was, by the way, considerably younger than her husband, relates amusing details about his ungovernable outbreaks of jealousy. In one of his letters from Moscow he tells her of his "bad dreams, nightmares every night about your being unfaithful to me with others". His jealousy of Turgenev is so poignant that when the latter is received by the audience more enthusiastically than he (though "he read shockingly, he was called out more often than I"), Dostoevsky suspects that the applause received by his enemy emanates from a "claque"!

Nietzsche rejoiced at his periods of suffering and pain, which made him, if not "better", at any rate "deeper". Dostoevsky's ailments and privations probably intensified the clearness of his vision into the abnormal and subconscious, feeding the holy flame of the artist in him. But it can hardly be questioned that Dostoevsky's "profane" self had been corroded and mutilated by a life of incessant worry, pain, poverty, humiliation. His imprisonment, death sentence, and penal service in Siberia, were followed by "free" literary activity under the lash of hunger and under the perpetual threat of the debtors' prison. As a result, in his non-creative moments Dostoevsky was far from prepossessing. At the Pushkin celebrations in Moscow he cut an awkward figure of a shy provincial, absurdly touchy and puffed up, worrying as to whether he should wear an evening jacket or a frock-coat, spilling tea over his clothes, marvelling at the generous menu of the banquet and at the freely distributed cigars (seventy-five rubles per hundred!). In money matters he showed himself not only naïvely parsimonious, but even ungentlemanly, as in the case of trying to sell to a higher bidder an article already promised to another editor, in the hope that the latter "had forgotten". Particularly disgusting is his attitude towards his opponents, the Liberals, whom he labels riff-raff, scabs, dung beetles,

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rubbish, and "govnyaki", a word which the polite translators have seen fit to omit altogether. In the same uncharitable manner he treats all non-Orthodox Russians, whether they be Jews, or filthy little Poles, or stupid Germans, or vile Swiss. In his letters to Pobiedonostsev, the "evil genius" of Russia, Dostoevsky professes to be the great obscurantist's "adherent and admirer", condemns progressive ideas, and queries: "What will happen to Russia, if we, the last of the Mohicans, die?" One closes the book with the wish to forget it, and to remember only the author of the Karamazovs.

Dostoevsky: Letters and Reminiscences, Translated by S. S. Koteliansky and J. Middleton Murry. Alfred A. Knopf.

RECENT BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

AMONG the ten books that bore us most there ought to be included at least one guide book for touring Europe. Not even such an attractive pocket volume as "Planning a Trip Abroad", edited by Edward Hungerford (McBride), can lift the curse of long generations of Baedekers. In these parlous times Mr. Hungerford's book is probably as up to date and reliable as any similar guide could possibly be. Information not contained in most guidebooks and usually inaccurately gleaned from one's fellow travelers is included. The author has provided for the failings of Americans in the matter of tipping and proper dress for certain occasions. Such counsel, however, will probably not be so closely regarded as his illuminating chapter on automobile touring abroad, a method of travel which has brought to many an ambitious American unforeseen tribulation.

Youth, when it strums its lyre, has a habit of donning sackcloth and ashes. The muse attending the collegiate minnesinger is, as a rule, tragic. "Oxford Poetry, 1922" (Appleton) is the usual preciously bound collection of fairish but never distinguished verse. Its songs are indeed doleful, treating of suicides, floods, unrequited passion, and doddering age. Here and there the wary reader may encounter a felicitous phrase, but for the most part these are slender strophes in a slender volume.

After publishing Llewelyn Powys's creditably assembled group of "Thirteen Worthies", the American Library Service burdens the little book with advertising propaganda ranking its author with Lytton Strachey. As a matter of fact there is nothing of brilliance here. These cameo portraits of Chaucer, Montaigne, Marlowe, and others are workmanlike, digestible, and informative, but at no point do they begin to achieve the glitter that characterizes "Victoria". Mr. Powys selects his material wisely and garnishes it, ever and anon, with neat quotations from more distinguished pens.

Those who have already learned from the pocket philosophy of Arnold Bennett how to live on twenty-four hours a day may very well wish to know how to improve and embellish

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the existence they have thus put in tune, if not with infinity, at least with the clock. They and many another will profit pleasantly by reading Mr. Bennett's latest offering of not too solemn and never ponderous advice, "How to Make the Best of Life" (Doran). To start with, "it is absolutely necessary to satisfy, without over-indulging, your temperament", a problem not nearly so simple as it sounds, and of prime importance in modern psychology, not to speak of the ancients. Mr. Bennett's hints and don'ts upon how to achieve this difficult end have brightly yet sagaciously to do with falling in love, marriage, children, and numerous other not uninvolved situations in the common lot. And it may be said, without giving away the whole plot, that Mr. Bennett believes in common sense. The fact that scholars have not always agreed upon the definition of this commodity stimulates the author as well as the reader of these essays to plenty of original reflections.

A book of the verse of Maxwell Bodenheim appearing in an edition limited to 575 copies offers copious opportunity for amusement. The volume itself is not large but into four pages of "Reluctant Foreword" the creator has given smile upon smile. Here is an American poet ranting madly against American poets. Forgetting his own fragile domicile, he hurls boulders about regardless of where they may fall. One listens for the crash as these missiles collide with the houses they are directed against, but the loudest noise comes when they bounce merrily back into the glass compartment labeled: "Maxwell Bodenheim, Chicago." Here is one of the projectiles: "The poetic situation in America is, indeed, a blustering and verbose invitation to boredom and a slight, reviling headache." After reading the verse in "The Sardonic Arm" (Covici-McGee) one sees that charge rebound accurately and damningly against Mr. Bodenheim's little glass house. There is in the preface to the book considerable angered sorrow expressed over various misfortunes which have befallen subtlety, style, delicate fantasy and irony. One searches hopefully and, later, hopelessly through the verses in this book for these four qualities. Alas, Mr. Bodenheim has fashioned words into compositions which topple before the criticism which precedes them. The flamboyant egotism of the poet refuses to recognize this and so the limited edition was published. No one who loves those who love themselves should miss the foreword, nor should those who enjoy the spectacle of self-deceit. This comment will not injure Mr. Bodenheim's feelings. They are too firmly entrenched in the shrine he has constructed — the shrine of his own importance.

Madge Jenison's "Sunwise Turn: A Comedy of Bookselling" (Dutton) may not be Balzac, in any stricter sense; yet it is an undeniably personal intimate record of human contacts made at first hand, in what would ordinarily be considered a purely commercial field — that of selling books. The fact that Miss Jenison knows human beings, has a real sense of humor, and possesses the gift of making people live and move before us, gives her little volume a vital charm. Its 162 pages show more insight, a better understanding and appreciation of human qualities, foibles, and idiosyncrasies than many a pretentious character novel twice as long.

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Gertrude Stein has blossomed forth again. This time it is a garish collection of wordy flotsam and jetsam, an olive branch to the futurist, but a puzzle to the uninitiated. Whether Gertrude Stein or the publisher, the Four Seas Company, named the anomaly "Geography and Plays" is difficult to divine. However, the title has about as much relevancy to the whole as the words have to the sentence structure. Let us challenge Einstein, protagonist of the theory of relativity, to find the true relation of this quotation to layman logic:

> Guess a green. The cloud is too hold, collected necessary pastes in that shine of old boil and much part, much part in thread and land with a pile. The closeness of a lesson to shirt and the reason for a pale cullass is what is the revolution and retaliation and serpentine illustration and little eagle. A long little beagle, a long little scissor of a kind that has choice, all this makes a collation.

Though futurists may deny, it would seem that Gertrude Stein has used her language to conceal her thoughts. We suggest a copy of a futurist book of indication with code to go with each copy, so that those who read may not run away. However, we will say this: the book is good reading when one seeks relief from present day high pressure literature.

Burton J. Hendrick, whose "Life and Letters of Walter H. Page" brought him a 1922 Pulitzer Prize, has now turned his attention to "The Jews in America" (Doubleday, Page). This brief study, which makes no pretense to exhaustiveness, is to be commended for simplicity of style and freedom from bias. Mr. Hendrick emphasizes the fact, all too little appreciated in this country, that the Spanish and German (or western) Jews differ from the Polish (or eastern) Jews in every essential save religion. He analyzes the reasons for the assimilability of the early Jewish settlers from Spain and Germany, and shows why it is that our immigrants of the last forty years from eastern Europe present a much graver Americanization problem. As to the reputed Jewish control of American industry and finance, Mr. Hendricks presents data indicating that "the racial stocks which founded the United States . . . still control its wealth". Furthermore, he gives instances to prove that whereas the Jew has great powers of imitation, he lacks the faculties — essential for economic domination — of creation, organization, and cooperation.

The subject of A. G. Gardiner's "The Life of Sir William Harcourt" (Doran) will doubtless prevent it from enjoying in America the widespread success it has achieved in England, for Harcourt is not well known in America. Yet he should be. Not the least interesting portion of Mr. Gardiner's two volumes describes Harcourt's attitude during our Civil War. He not only favored strict neutrality, though siding with the north, but was able to make his policy effective through his close connection with the government. Thus to his influence must be ascribed the peaceful settlement of several dangerous disputes, among them the "Alabama" claims. Moreover, an unusual courtesy and fairness on the part of Delane of the "Times", who expressed the prevailing sentiment in favor of the south, made Harcourt what amounted to spokesman of the government's policy to the nation and the world. In his letters signed "Historicus" he discussed the difficult problems which arose between England and the United States "with a luminous force and a wealth of learning that profoundly

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influenced the course of events and made them a permanent contribution to the discussion of the relations of nations in time of war". Though writing obviously *con amore*, Mr. Gardiner never loses his poise or discrimination. He has chosen his material well and his narrative is interesting throughout.

For the fifth edition of Wilfred Gibson's "Daily Bread" (Macmillan) the title poem has been rewritten. The poems are in the form of dramatic scenes or tragedies from the life of the humble, introducing as characters the deserted mistress, the woman whose child is stillborn, whose husband has been lost in a mine accident or mangled by machinery, and so on. The language is incongruously elevated, the moral sentiments platitudinous, and the poems almost uniformly dull.

If you would gain a miscellaneous assortment of knowledge in a minimum of time, hie to "A Desk-Book of Idioms and Idiomatic Phrases in English Speech and Literature" (Funk, Wagnalls) by Frank H. Vizetelly, Litt.D., LL.D., and Leander J. de Bekker. You will be informed as to African golf, Eastern Question, hokum, Santa Claus, Pons Asinorum, lame duck, Hardshell Baptists, Fleet-Streetese, complex-phobia, and many other equally absorbing subjects. You will learn that "hooch" is a contraction of the Amerind *hoochinoo*, and you will no doubt be surprised to read that the fox trot was invented by a vaudeville dancer named Fox, "and the selection of the steps was arranged by him quite independently of anything zoological".

It is not always an unmixed pleasure to turn the pages of a volume devoted to a certain period and its problems by one who has made that period his special field. The authority is apt to take too much for granted on the part of the reader. This is not the case in Rachel Annand Taylor's "Aspects of the Italian Renaissance" (Houghton Mifflin). As Gilbert Murray in his preface implies, she has used imagination on a basis of exact knowledge in giving us a poetic and sympathetic picture of an age whose appeal endures. The beautiful opening chapter which outlines the "Mediæval Dream and the Renaissance Morning" is balanced by the concluding one on "The Renaissance Ferment", which traces the course of the quickening current through the other European lands. And the medial chapters deal with the ideas and ideals, the women, the characteristic types — scholar, artist, courtier — social and political institutions and conditions of the epoch. It is a book at once readable and scholarly, and worthy of a place on the shelf beside those of Burckhardt, Symonds, Villari, Yriarte, Zeller, and de la Clavière.

In 1895, before the self-styled young intellectuals of today had found their voices, Sir William Watson wrote a poem called "Apologia" in which he defended himself against attacks from the Nonconformists. He cried:

> Is the Muse
> Fallen to a thing of Mode, that must each year
> Supplant her derelict self of yester-year?

Now that same writer has published "A Hundred Poems" (Dodd, Mead), chosen by him as his best to prove the worth of the established method and theme. He is, indeed, "one whose

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lips inherit some far echo" of the tones of England's greatest poets, nor is that echo empty of beauty. He shows what value it may be "to tread in nobler footsteps than mine own". Humble before the singers of old, he is proud before the poets of today. This book shows him to be more than the poet of a solitary verse (his "April, April" is generally known). If one is given to the habit of checking interesting lines or entire poems, there is much in this collection to check, unless the manner must be modern to be good.

Would that our college library had contained a copy of "Representative American Short Stories" edited by Alexander Jessup (Allyn, Bacon). For its publication some ten years ago would have saved us many trips to magazine files and miscellaneous volumes in quest of such standbys of the English department as "Rappaccini's Daughter", "The Fall of the House of Usher", "The Jumping Frog", and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat". Surely the seventy-four stories here reproduced furnish a wide choice of assignments for collateral reading. Beginning with "Chariessa; or, A Pattern for the Sex", published anonymously in 1788, the anthology takes us by chronological steps to such contemporaries as Irvin Cobb, Katharine Fullerton Gerould, Theodore Dreiser, and Charles Caldwell Dobie. An appendix contains a bibliography for the study of the short story in general, and of individual writers. Last of all comes a reference list of some 3,500 stories and anthologies.

In fifteen years of wandering over "Old Indian Trails" (Houghton Mifflin) Walter McClintock, an American forester, was adopted by a Blackfoot chief, given the name of White Weasel and a seat in the most sacred councils of the tribe, and assigned the task of recording Indian rites and ancient lore as practised by the red men who raised their tepees at the foot of the Rockies. The generation Mr. McClintock writes about is gone today. Their best minds — the chiefs and medicine men — saw the rising tide of a rapacious civilization creeping toward them. Finding one white man with a "good heart", they filled his notebooks full of songs and stories, accounts of strange, primitive rites and elaborate ceremonies and incantations. They even allowed his camera to photograph their most intimate tribal affairs. For the general reader, there is perhaps too much of all this crammed into one volume. One could wish that there had not been so many notebooks! But for the student of a vanishing Amerindian civilization, the book is conveniently edited, with generous index and an appendix of medicinal herbs of the Blackfoot tribe. The most absorbing tales, like that of "The Beaver Bundle", have the charm of ancient Greek or Roman yarns. And it is doubtful if any book about the Indians contains more interesting bits of information relating to their communal organization, an organization that boasted a society of young dancing men called "The Hair-Parters", a self-appointed constabulary known as "The Brave Dogs", and a sinister body with Ku Kluxian tendencies who went under the name of "Kit Foxes".

Wilson Follett in recent years has seen the widespread epidemic of what he calls the "journalistic novel". It is the type most prevalent in contemporary English and American lit-

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erature. The recognition of the place of this type of fiction has impelled him to add a new chapter to and bring out a revised edition of "The Modern Novel: A Study of the Purpose and Meaning of Fiction" (Knopf). He epitomizes the volume as "an attempt to trace the development of some important principles of fictional criticism during the two centuries of the novel in English, and to show how the development of these principles has in turn altered the shape of the modern novel". Few persons interested in criticism will agree with everything Mr. Follett says, because he covers so much ground that some one of his many contentions is almost certain to force disagreement. That, however, adds to the book's value. It stimulates the reader to ponder himself on the modern novel and to look rather critically at the critics. So many people take books as they do meals — once down they are soon forgotten unless they nauseate, and the nausea is always temporary. It would be little exaggeration to say that the contemporary novel which inspires Mr. Follett's new chapter has given him acute indigestion, while readers who know little of greater literature have stomachs unused to a better diet and so digest today's aliment with ease and rapidity. The book is another attempt to force readers to realize what their diet really is and, perhaps, why.

Youth which grows despondent at literary or any other sort of failure can find comfort in Hermann Sudermann's "The Book of My Youth" (Harper), translated by Wyndham Harding. This reviewer is not qualified to speak for old — or even middle — age, but he hazards the belief that in the time wasting, extravagant, and foolish behavior of callow Sudermann there is much to amuse because it suggests similar follies in almost anyone's life. The first part of the book, when early memory is squeezed for every drop of recollection, is a beautifully written tale. It might be fiction, and as such is above a great majority of the popular biographical novels. The latter half of the generous volume is of the struggles of this German novelist and playwright to avoid oblivion. It is the life itself rather than the manner of telling which holds the greater fascination here. Aside from the value of this work as a biography, it gives a clear picture of the early years of the men who were the governing adults at the time of the war.

Though they liked to refer piously to those unfortunates who were convicted of "Witchcraft in Salem Village" (Houghton Mifflin) as "firebrands of hell", our forefathers did not, as is popularly supposed, ever burn a witch. John Fiske's book, therefore, might be said to erase that part of the smudge that mars the early history of New England. There still remains, however, an appalling description of hysterical trials, unjust convictions, hanging and torture of innocent victims often cursed with no greater demon than common sense. The little volume, composed of a chapter lifted from the author's "New France and New England", is now reprinted as a souvenir of Salem town, lest we forget what crimes are committed in the name of righteousness.

A series of brilliant essays by John Cowper Powys, on authors as widely different as Voltaire and Joseph Conrad, has recently been made acces-

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sible again in "Suspended Judgments" (American Library Service). A further attraction is a very fine preface by Ludwig Lewisohn. The book is partly a protest against hasty judgment and faulty perspective. It is a plea for a more sympathetic understanding of what is being judged, more serenity on the part of the critic, and more disinterestedness and clarity of criticism. The essays themselves are striking examples of the art of discrimination, and of the writer's sensitiveness and appreciation of beauty.

Dr. Hugh Robert Mill's "The Life of Sir Ernest Shackleton" (Little, Brown) is a reverent but quite unsentimental account by one who was on intimate terms with the famous explorer during the last twenty years of his life. It may claim to be an authoritative account, for the author had access to the family's correspondence and wrote with their full cooperation. The man whom he describes is perhaps not the wisest of men, but he is singularly direct, honest, courageous, modest, and as inconsiderate of self as he is considerate of others.

"The Powder of Sympathy" (Doubleday, Page) contains further selections from the column of Christopher Morley, senior member of Heywood Broun and Company. He likes the "Civilization in the United States" of Matthew Arnold, and dislikes the cooperative product of the thirty more or less young intellectuals, "a gloomy book, rather strongly flavored with intellectual ammonia". Yet he cannot restrain his enthusiasm over Santayana's "Character and Opinion in the United States", which is hardly more complimentary or hopeful. There are charm and humor aplenty in the book, and among other things a penetrating analysis of Lord Northcliffe, who, it is true, "wielded terrific power", but "a power that dealt mainly in ephemeral and unimportant things"; and who to succeed in what he wanted "did not mind failure in other realms of life".

Two of the ultimate twelve volumes are now added to the two already published of "The New Larned History" (C. A. Nichols), a historical encyclopædia in which the articles are composed almost entirely of extracts from the works of great writers, historians, ethnologists, and so on. The reader may now draw upon it for information about anything from the letter A to Sir Martin Frobisher. The work is excellently arranged and indexed; it is liberally provided with maps, illustrations, and texts of documents; and it is up to date.

In "Dante, the Man and the Poet" (Appleton), Mary Bradford Whiting presents a chronological study of the Florentine poet's life in an easy, narrative style. Although the biographer's exhaustive study is apparent, one senses a lack of the artistic and romantic treatment which the subject presupposes. The book is written around the climax — Dante's highest achievement, the "Divina Commedia". The development of the poet's inspiration for this work is traced from its inception to its execution, when all the ideals, the love, and the hope pent in Dante's breast for years were given utterance.

Thomas L. Masson has written a pleasant book with a serious purpose, "That Silver Lining" (Doubleday,

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Page), the main theme being that happiness is a process of growth. In simple language and in a thoughtful, straightforward manner, he cheerfully puts down his theories about dispensing with worry, lessening fear, and developing one's capacities. Some of these arguments are convincing because of their complete sincerity. But rather more seems to be material that has been written before, and has not been presented here in a more tangible or usable form.

Among the pieces collected by Edgar A. Guest in his latest book, "The Passing Throng" (Reilly, Lee), there is one based on the dictum that conscience is a man's true critic. So all a reviewer can say about it is that Mr. Guest's conscience, like the literary consciences of T. S. Eliot and Gertrude Stein, is a conscience gone wrong. Nothing is too banal, too insignificant, or, as Mr. Guest's enthusiasts would put it, too homely, for his moralizing. Perhaps it is not too much to say that a blind spot toward the ridiculous is the one characteristic that he shares with poets of a vastly different idiom. To comprehend fully the cosmic significance of "The Carpet on the Stairs", "The Little Clothes Line", "The Tumbler at the Sink", "When the Soap Gets in Your Eye", and "Whooping Cough" one must be endowed with an extraordinarily low or perhaps — who knows? — an unusually high order of intelligence.

Joseph Quincy Adams, professor of English in Cornell University, in preparing his elaborate "A Life of William Shakespeare" (Houghton Mifflin) has done more than just throw together the facts of this man's cycle from Stratford-on-Avon and back. What he has attempted to do in this biography he tells in his preface:

> Next to presenting Shakespeare's biography with clarity, I have sought to picture the dramatist against a background of contemporary theatrical life. However much we may think of him as a genius apart, to himself and to his age he appeared primarily as a busy actor associated with the leading stock company of his time; as a hired playwright — often, indeed, a mere cobbler of old plays — writing that his troupe might successfully compete with rival organizations; and, finally, as a theatrical proprietor, owning shares in two of the most flourishing playhouses in London. Thus his whole life was centered in the stage, and his interests were essentially those of his "friends and fellows", the actors, who affectionately called him "our Shakespeare". To portray the dramatist, therefore, in the atmosphere in which he lived and worked seemed to me the correct procedure.

It only remains for the reviewer to say that Mr. Adams has been true to his purpose, in addition to which he has presented his collected information in a delightfully pleasing fashion. The volume is a handsome one, fully illustrated with pictures not generally seen in Shakespeare's biographies.

No subject is too important or too trivial to gain the gently satiric attention of Hilaire Belloc in his casual essays, casually entitled "On" (Doran). He rushes with heavy artillery to defend the word "and" — only to betray the harmless thing in his last paragraph (or does he?). He discourses learnedly on "The United Poets", flings an impish brick at the "Mumbo-Jumbo" of officialdom, and rhapsodizes over the beauty of the cathedral at Seville. Always he writes with keen humor, rambling ease, and a quaint individuality of manner that keeps the reader always in a pleasant state of uncertainty. One feels that in the next sentence Mr. Belloc may say almost anything.

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"The Red Man in the United States" by G. E. E. Lindquist (Doran) is a vast and authoritative work studying the social, economic, and religious life of the Indian. It was prepared under the auspices of the Committee on Social and Religious Surveys and with the cooperation of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Besides taking up many phases of Indian life, this treatise supplies a useful classification of the various tribes. Its general attitude toward the Indian is sympathetic but unromantic; it shows him neither as "noble savage" nor as "vermin of the plains", but simply as material of which tactful treatment may create a good American citizen. The influence of its protecting ægis is felt in an insistence upon missions and the work of conversion.

The life of Thomas Nelson Page was well worth recording in its intimate details, and surely no better informed biographer could have been found than his brother Rosewell Page, whose record of the charming personality and the high career of the author and ambassador has recently been published (Scribner). The earlier part of the book gives a vivid picture of old Virginia family life, amusing anecdotes of the many colored servants of the Page family and a moving account of the heavy burdens which fell to southern boys during the days just following the Civil War. Later chapters tell of the happier, fortune filled days of Page's successful law practice, his authorship, and his life abroad during the difficult period of the Great War. The book has no literary style but it is, after all, a real biography in which the character of Thomas Nelson Page emerges happily.

Good sense and a fine literary instinct trained to more than adequate expression make Vernon Lee's nineteenth book, "The Handling of Words" (Dodd, Mead), interesting and worth while reading. It is dogmatic at times, too logical for an illogical world, but it should prove invaluable to a young writer since it answers so many of his questions, enters into the discussion of so many matters not taken up by editors in the brief space of their rejection slips. There is much good criticism, and really fine analysis of masters of English and French prose. There is absolutely no sentimentality, not even a glamour. The author manages to remain so utterly above the clouds that she misses occasional effects of color and personality in the writers whom she discusses, and these are surely important. Art is the object of her adoration, and its methods are her study and her pleasure, a pleasure which she has, very beautifully, handed on in this book devoted to the elucidation of art's means of expressing itself.

"Writing to Sell" by Edwin Wildman (Appleton) is a light exposition of first aids in the art of writing for quick payment. Mr. Wildman, for many years an editor, succeeds to an appreciable degree in the somewhat difficult task of applying formula to practice, outlining various definite forms, methods, and themes helpful to the novice. It is a good book for the newspaper journalist who occasionally seeks the more elusive literary markets. A calendar for writers, as an appendix feature, sets down seasonable hints giving the proper advance date at which such material should be prepared — a boon to the quantity writer who must produce just so much grist annually.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Cooperation with the Public Libraries of America

The outstanding phenomenon of the score this month is Mr. Wells's gallant counter to Mr. Bok's double-header, noted in last month's listings. Mr. Bok (if memory serves aright) is just a month ahead of Mr. Wells in the literary endurance contest or popularity Marathon, his autobiography having made its first appearance on this page only thirty days before "The Outline of History" began to be called for at the libraries. Thus far neither has weakened materially, but Mr. Bok cleverly fortified his position in the spotlight by weighing in with "A Man from Maine" before his "Americanization" had sunk out of sight. Nobody but Sinclair Lewis and A. S. M. Hutchinson had before accomplished the feat of having two books in sufficient demand to make the Monthly Score at the same time; both of them, moreover, appear in the Fiction list only.

Unique as was Mr. Bok's feat of getting two titles into the General Score at once, Mr. Wells has capped it by appearing simultaneously in both lists. "Men Like Gods", one supposes, has to be classed as fiction; at least, none of the librarians has found any other classification for it thus far. At any rate, Mr. Wells has proved his versatility again. Is there any other living writer who could conceivably "put over" a popular novel before the public had tired of reading his popular history? (The question, being merely rhetorical, calls for no answer.)—F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	Black Oxen	*Gertrude Atherton*	BONI
2.	One of Ours	*Willa Cather*	KNOPF
3.	The Enchanted April	*"Elizabeth"*	DOUBLEDAY
4.	The Cathedral	*Hugh Walpole*	DORAN
5.	His Children's Children	*Arthur Train*	SCRIBNER
6.	Faint Perfume	*Zona Gale*	APPLETON
7.	The Dim Lantern	*Temple Bailey*	PENN
8.	The Middle of the Road	*Philip Gibbs*	DORAN
9.	Wanderer of the Wasteland	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
10.	Men Like Gods	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN

GENERAL

1.	Life of Christ	*Giovanni Papini*	HARCOURT
2.	Life and Letters of Walter H. Page	*Burton J. Hendrick*	DOUBLEDAY
3.	Etiquette	*Emily Post*	FUNK AND WAGNALLS
4.	The Mind In the Making	*James Harvey Robinson*	HARPER
5.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
6.	A Man from Maine	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
7.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
8.	The Outline of Science	*J. Arthur Thomson*	PUTNAM
9.	The Story of Mankind	*Hendrik Van Loon*	BONI
10.	Up Stream	*Ludwig Lewisohn*	BONI

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FOREIGN NOTES AND COMMENT

The Importation Movement

OF the various literatures which, in default of a better term, we now call modern, American literature is the only one which began in an unreservedly inauspicious way. Where Italian made its debut with the writings of Dante, and French with the immortal Troubadours and Trouvères, American letters entered the field with the publication of the "Bay Psalm Book" (1640) and followed it up, thirty-two years later, with a volume of verse by Mrs. Anne Bradstreet. Where the early Scandinavians had their sagas, the Americans had John Eliot's adaptation of the Bible. Where the Dutch of the fourteenth century read De Weert's writings, which did much to bring on the Reformation, we had Cotton Mather's ecclesiastical history of New England. That reasons can be given for America's poor showing at the beginning does not alter the case: it is always quite beyond the power of an explanation to remove a fact. Why America is at present on the point of taking her place among the world powers in letters is also a fact which — my Chief consenting — I hope to explain, in part, in this and succeeding articles.

In reply to the question, "What is the outstanding advance this country has made in *belles-lettres* since 1900?", various answers might be given: the establishing of new publishing houses, the founding of new magazines, the greater number of books and journals brought out, the suggestions received from visitors, increased interest in criticism, a more liberal spirit in fiction, and probably the one essential of all — better writing. I am personally convinced, however, though my conviction may rest to a degree on my vocation, that one of the greatest and most advantageous changes that has come over American letters since 1900 is the willingness, if not actual eagerness, on our part to import, to publish translations, to be able to read in English every conceivable type of foreign book.

I hope in time to make the list of important translations for any one month complete. This month I must confine myself to just three books, all from the same publisher, a publisher who could not have been persuaded to bring out the Argentinian novel at all twenty-three years ago, who would have thought twice before acting once on the Saint-Saëns, and who would have thought three times before acting on the Vildrac. How much "thinking" he did in 1923 before acting in this cosmopolitan and commendable way is for those behind the scenes at 681 Fifth Avenue to know. It is sufficient for the public to know that he has acted, and that, if it will take advantage of his action, it will know a vast deal more about life and letters than can be got by the exclusive study of the native product.

The publication in this country at this time of Manuel Galvez's "Nacha Regules," in the excellent translation of Leo Ongley, is altogether typical

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and symbolic of what might be called the importation movement in American literature. The novel is a story of immense interest to anyone whose interests have advanced beyond the Bradstreet-Mather stage; but the theme is sociological. It is a story of Buenos Aires, which is regarded by those who know it as a city of infinite charm; but cities of this description nourish an underworld activity that some refuse to believe exists while others ascribe it to the existence of a few bad men and bad women, and affect to the know that it will disappear of its own volition as the streets become better lighted, and the police more diligent.

Manuel Galvez is of a different opinion. Endowed with an imaginative insight that goes deeper than the sociologists' investigation, and filled with a spirit of sympathy that frequently finds at most only a disguised expression in the pulpit that Luther made a possibility, he has told the story of a man who spends ten years of his life in order to marry a prostitute. Then it was not worth the telling. It would not be if a primrose by a river's brim were only a primrose, and a yellow one at that; or if the suffering that is in this world were merely the result of people who ought to know better and, not knowing, might just as well be shoved into jail or ambulanced off to institutions where real and potential derelicts are cared for. Or it would not be worth telling if Manuel Galvez were merely another heavy thinker with a grudge against the established order of things.

None of these alternatives applies here. The contour facts are simple: Dr. Fernando Monsalvat, distinguished lawyer, illegitimate son of a distinguished family, returns to Argentina after seven years' residence in Europe. He is about forty years old; it is about 1912. Sitting alone in a cabaret one evening, he sees a ruffian, Dalmacio Arnedo, abusing a beautiful young woman. He intervenes on behalf of her (Ignacia Regules, the "Nacha" of the novel) only to see his efforts scorned by the very girl whom he would save. For years he tries to salvage the good that is in her. Every time success seems near, failure leaps out from behind some intriguing device of civilization until, blind himself and quite without the usual means of making a living — he has inherited some property—Nacha comes to him, and they marry.

It sounds as banal as a servant girl novel in Germany of the early nineteenth century. It is in truth as noble and captivating a visualization of the love that spells supreme sacrifice as current letters in any country have to record. Moreover, it is intelligent fiction. You really know something about Argentina when you are through with it. Oh, for novels that leave their readers with extended minds!

That is precisely what these "Outspoken Essays on Music" do: they extend the mind. The title is a bit over reaching; for they show Camille Saint-Saëns studying spiders in Cochin China, admiring "the beauty of the Hudson, that great river ploughed on every side by enormous multi-decked steamers and spanned by gigantic bridges", watching in protest the caged animals in the zoölogical section of Central Park, and engaging in still other diversions which, it would seem, have nothing to do with the Saint-Saëns type of music. Let us be assured, however, that to the Saint-Saëns type of mind nothing is extraneous.

I am not a musician in any sense of the word; but I greatly enjoyed this

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book. For it refreshened memories of former days, days in which, like those of so many Americans, I frequented opera, concerts and recitals until I could say that I had seen and heard the best. Saint-Saëns has written his essays for my kind; for the individual who knows but little if anything about music, but who may be enabled to listen to music with the heightened appreciation that comes from knowing where the music itself came from, what idea the composer had in mind when he wrote it, and how little the musicians themselves agree as to how it should be played.

It is interesting to see him shower affection on d'Indy in one paragraph and assault his theories in another; to hear him laud the Metropolitan in New York for giving "Romeo" in French, "Aïda" in Italian and "Lohengrin" in German, "thus avoiding the treacherous translation"; to see him prove that Mozart was a Tirolese Austrian and therefore more than half Italian, Gluck entirely Italian in his mature days, Beethoven Austrian, Haendel English, Meyerbeer Judiac-French, and so on until there is not much left but Wagner who is referred to as "Richard"; to read his derision of those "who cross the Rhine in search of truth", as Victor Hugo did; and to hear him contend that the one perfect musical instrument is the human voice — a proposition which Goethe stoutly defended over a century ago. If this book does not increase one's intelligence, then intelligence is a fraud.

I have emphasized these phases of these two books because of the support that is given them in Witter Bynner's perfect rendering of Vildrac's perfect lines. In his introduction, Emile Verhaeren says that M. Vildrac's chief message is "to love beings and things". It is also Galvez's. Verhaeren urges us to cultivate Vildrac's "gift of sympathy". We cannot help but be improved in our souls by the sympathy Galvez shows. Verhaeren writes: "In Vildrac's eyes the most banal action acquires a sudden importance. . . . Let two companions lean face to face across a table at the back of a wineshop, and the brief comment of the poet releases from this chance encounter a brusque and profound emotion." So does Galvez. And in his own note of introduction, Mr. Bynner feels that by reading M. Vildrac, on whom he has worked for five years, we may learn something about Walt Whitman, Emily Dickinson, and free verse at the same time that our emotions are being stirred within us and our souls educated into more enduring joy.

I am as old as Goethe was when he went to Italy, and I have never written but three poems, though I have had sense enough not to publish them. There is one trait I have however — it is a blessed gift. I know a good poem when I see one. A good poem, a real poem, expresses a thought which can be grasped at a single reading, or it paints a picture which can be enjoyed with the same exertion. And in either case the thought or the picture remains pleasing regardless as to the number of times one may revert to it. Anything short of this is either trash or pretense. M. Vildrac, in Mr. Bynner's translation, measures up to my standard, unfailingly. The twenty-eight poems that make up this slender volume indeed go slightly beyond it to the extent that in his pictures there are also thoughts, or the other way about. It is a doubling up of forces to which it would be doltlike to object.

This being my view, I have always

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held superlatives out of place in speaking of poems; for how could there be degrees of thought or beauty, However, M. Vildrac's most democratic poem, the one that savors most strongly of Walt Whitman, is probably the one entitled "To Be a Man". It reminds one, too, of the late Theodore Roosevelt. Had he read it he would have exclaimed, "By George, that's bully!" and the comment would have been adequate. In "Dejection" we have the best instance of a picture and a thought in one. In "Invective", he shows most clearly the source of the trouble between labor and capital; the employer does nothing to make his employee love him; he does not even love the employee's work;

But no, your doings have had to prove to me
That my toil and your care and your computing
Were for no other end than your stupid fortune;
With my hands for accomplices!
And my eyes for witnesses!

The novel by Manuel Galvez makes for intelligence; so does the collection of essays by Saint-Saëns. But how can *"Un Livre d'Amour"* by a Frenchman be informative? Love, *l'amour*—why of course, that is what a Frenchman always talks about. Here is the informative feature of this "Book of Love" by a Frenchman: there is not a line of allusion in it to love in the sense of inter-sex passion. It is the love that Verhaeren refers to in his appreciation of M. Vildrac: the love of the rich for the poor; of the strong for the weak; of the mother for her son; of the father for his child; of the fortunate for the unfortunate. There are precious few people in the United States who realize that a Frenchman can strike a note of this kind and sustain it throughout an entire volume. There are virtually none who would imagine it could be done in a "book of love." That it has been done is informative. That it has been so admirably translated is an auspicious sign.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD

Nacha Regules. By Manuel Galvez. Translated by Leo Ongley. E. P. Dutton and Co.
Outspoken Essays on Music. By Camille Saint-Saëns. Translated by Fred Rothwell. E. P. Dutton and Co.
A Book of Love. By Charles Vildrac. Translated by Witter Bynner. With an Introductory Note by Émile Verhaeren. E. P. Dutton and Co.

Notes From France

THIS month, it is to Blaise Pascal that magazines are devoting special issues and studies "in memoriam". "La Revue Hebdomadaire" brings out a specially brilliant number with articles by Barrès, Comtesse de Noailles, Valéry, etc. It is doubtful whether the influence of Pascal on contemporary thought has remained what it used to be. His unique position, as a genius in science, in morals and in literature, does not strike the people of today as it did half a century ago. Pascal lived in the middle of the French seventeenth, while he did not belong there. A man whose essential characteristics were multiplicity and division against himself was out of place in an epoch when everything tended towards unity. As long as French literature was considered, and taught, as dating from Malherbe and Rotrou, the first masterpiece analyzed in literary lessons being Corneille's "Le Cid" of 1636, Pascal seemed more exceptional than if he were related to the important figures of the sixteenth century. As the epoch we are in now resembles the

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sixteenth— the French Renaissance — much more than it does the "Siècle de Louis XIV", Pascal seems less surprising to us, and other heroes overshadow him. Another epoch will judge differently.

Among periods of history that become clearer to us, after having fallen into temporary obscurity, are the years following the war of 1870. Helping to understand them, come the "Souvenirs d'un Alsacien", by Paul Appell, a prominent scholar and an authority on mathematics, who takes the easy and familiar tone of a grandfather. This is retrospective. Concerning the present, there is a publishing house in Strasbourg, the *Librairie Istra,* which has specialized in books on current historical problems, mostly those affecting Franco-German relations. All students of these relations and of European political psychology should read these books. They include Bismarck's memoirs, the three important and objective books by Ambrose Got, former attaché to the French military mission in Berlin, on Germany of today ("Germany After Her Disaster", "The German Counter-Revolution", "Germany at Work"), the courageous book by Professor Foerster: "Mes Combats — à l'assaut du militarisme et de l'imperialisme allemands"; and the poignant works by Simonin; "La Souffrance sans Auréole" and "La Cité sans Clochers"—describing the life of war prisoners, and written by one of them.

Following the books of that collection is the long expected one by Professor Vermeil of the University of Strasbourg: "La Constitution de Weimar et le Principe de la Democratie Allemande". This is probably the most authoritative work on the new Germany. Vermeil, who is the editor of an excellent daily bulletin of the German press, has all the understanding and the objectivity required for his task. It is such books as his, that do help in solving international puzzles; no diplomat, politician or publicist should ignore them.

To be also classed as a document rather than a novel—but a first rate, gripping document,—is "Le Réveil des Morts" by Roland Dorgelès, the author of "Les Croix de Bois" which was one of the two or three best French war books. We wrote on the latter in its time. The new book is about life in the reconstructed area. The individual and the collective dramas are closely mixed. A fragment symbolic of the whole subject is that inscription found by one of the protagonists on the wall of an ordinary house:

"La Maison—Blanche
Built in 1728
Plundered by the Prussians in 1815
Burnt down by the Russians in 1816
Rebuilt in 1835
Plundered and burnt by the Bavarians in 1870
Rebuilt in 1877
Plundered then destroyed by the Germans in 1917-1918
Rebuilt in 1920."

Reminiscent of the epics of reconstruction and the resumption of work, written by Pierre Hamp—who, by the way, has just given out a new series of essays under the title of "Gens". The first volume of "People" has been translated into English.

"Le Réveil des Morts" shared the yearly Grand Prix de Littérature of the Academy with "La Brière", by M. de Châteaubriant, whose first novel, "Monsieur des Lourdines", received the Goncourt Prize some ten years ago. As for the Grand Prize of Poetry, it went to François Porché, the author of "L'Arret sur la Marne" and several plays in verse, given at

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the Comédie-Française, including "Le Chevalier de Colomb".

Two magazines, with but a few months of existence, have acquired a well deserved importance in French letters. Their titles are similar, and indicative of a cosmopolitan interest among readers: "Europe" and "La Revue Européenne" both have as their purpose the informing of these readers about facts and ideas from across the frontiers. With "L'Europe Nouvelle", "La Revue de Genève", "La Vie des Peuples", etc., the French speaking reader is really well equipped to follow the manifestations of international culture. "Europe" has just given an important study by Romain Rolland on Mahatma Gandhi, and "La Revue Européenne" has published long hitherto unknown fragments and letters by Dostoevsky, Gorky, Verlaine, Huysmans, besides essays by Larbaud (who is one of the editors), Paul Valéry (who did the masterly introduction to the translation of Poe's "Eureka"), Lord Dunsany, Fritz von Unruh, Ivan Bunin, etc.

PIERRE DE LANUX

A Handful of New German Books

WHY did the Germans, with their thirst for all highroads, lanes and *cul-de-sacs* of knowledge, leave it to the French to compile the first Encyclopædia (and thrust this monstrosity of a word upon a receptive world)? Probably the reason is quite psychological. The German's ruling passion is thoroughness. Every time a learned scribe sat down to make a few short, snappy paragraphs, his desire to thoroughly illumine the subject led him to compose a magazine article, a pamphlet or a tome! But the professors have conquered their natural predilections, and the leading German Cyclopædia, "Brockhaus", can look back upon one hundred and twenty years of useful existence. "Brockhaus" is so well known that in a recent competition to decide upon a new title for the smaller edition to replace the absurd "Konversations-Lexikon", a majority of the senders proposed simply to call the cyclopædia "Der Neue Brockhaus". The work, of which the third volume has just appeared, while the fourth will appear in autumn, bears the title "Handbuch des Wissens", — "Handbook of Knowledge". It is certainly well chosen. Compact, concise, dependable and last minute information on everything can be found in these four handy volumes, each of which is not more than half as large as the family Bible of bygone days. Of course, in this space it is impossible for "Brockhaus" to enter into much detail. But it is what it claims to be, a most efficient handbook. Appended to the comprehensive encyclopædic references is a list of the latest and most authoritative works upon each subject, so that the reader at once knows where to turn for wider information. "Brockhaus" has been thoroughly revised for the latest edition and is now as absolutely modern as if it had been written from A to Z anew.

Some new novels of particular interest deserve special attention. The best of these, "Rapanui", published by L. Staackmann, Leipzig, is the work of Theodor Heinrich Mayer, a brilliant Austrian short-storyist, to whose work I have previously called attention. This time he has essayed a long romance, a wild tragedy inspired by the recent rumor that Easter Island had, in consequence of an earthquake, disappeared into the

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sea. Herr Mayer fashions a wonderful prose epic of the sun worship, fire worship, beauty worship of a great, highly cultured Atlantis of the South Seas. In the midst of the joyous ceremonies of the young king's purification by the sun and his choice of a queen, comes the threat of the fire. Great volcanoes become active, rivers of fiery lava pour down over the land, the king summons millions of workmen from all parts of the country to build a vast dam and a canal to carry the fiery flood to the sea. The peril of the fire is followed by the peril of the water, the whole population flees to the mountains, a great fleet is built, and the Atlanteans await the sinking of the last peak. The great fleet goes to wreck, gnawed away from within by rats and wood beetles; only the king with his faithful henchman and their wives survive to land on the barren, rocky, northern province of Waihu, where the god of destruction, Make-Make, is worshipped and his dark images carved in the rocks. The fruitful, blossoming continent of Rapanui, with its palaces and its joyous worship of Taaroa, has sunk in the seas, and only the devil's island is left, the Easter Island of today.

This original and fascinating book, with its wealth of description, would perhaps have become a masterpiece if the ambitious author had been content to let it lie and ripen for a year. But then the auspicious timeliness would have been lost. As it is, the book suffers from Mayer's besetting faults, over lengthiness and over elaboration.

A strange, powerful nature romance, having much in common with Franz Schauwecker's splendid tropical nature epic "Ghavati", as it were, a German peasant equivalent to this, is "Ur", by Friedrich Gries (Delphin Verlag, Munich), a story of peasant life in three villages bordering on a primæval wood, "far from the madding crowd" — the book of a German Hardy — deep, sincere, not without banalities, crudities and exaggerations, but strong, and remarkable otherwise.

Grete von Urbanitzky's new novel, "Maria Alborg", has just been published by H. Haessel, Leipzig. It is a sensitive, well wrought, psychological novel. The heroine is a finely natured girl, swayed by the opposing temperaments of father and mother, whose own marriage dream is wrecked by the same impossibility of understanding and by the unfaithfulness of her husband. Father and daughter, their fates strangely alike, finally find in mutual loneliness the solution of their battles with destiny. The book is slighter than the "Golden Whip", published last year, and was probably written earlier, but it has power and charm, and the characters are human, although the idea of a heroine who is vaguely conscious of inheriting a destiny from ill-starred ancestors is by no means new to romance. Grete von Urbanitzky is now completing an interesting series of modern biographies, entitled "Men of Deeds" (Männer der Tat). The biographies will be international in spirit, and are to include such names as Stinnes, Mussolini, Carnegie. They will be published first serially and afterwards in book form.

A particularly fascinating volume of autobiography has just been published — Ernst von Wolzogen's "Wie ich mich ums Leben brachte" (Georg Westermann, Brunswick), or, as it might be freely rendered, "The History of My Suicides". Not that the witty author ever really committed a physical suicide; but he is a literary Jonah, who has perpetually stood in

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his own light, and he recounts the fact without bitterness. A descendant of Schiller, his father a theatre manager, himself possessed of a pretty literary and dramatic talent, the young Wolzogen found opportunity to become acquainted with practically everyone of note in the literary Germany of the past fifty years, from Liszt and Wagner (of whom he has new anecdotes) past Hauptmann and von Liliencron to Walter Hasenclever and Kasimir Edschmid. There are many good stories in this most fascinating book of memories, out of which the figure of the author himself gradually emerges in no unsympathetic form. It is interesting to read of the première of Hauptmann's first play, "Vor Sonnenaufgang", when the bold young leader of the naturalist school was hissed down by Puritan elements in the audience; the picture of Strindberg, hopelessly drunk, being dragged home by his faithful clan, or of the young Jacob Wassermann, a timid little copyist for von Wolzogen, who "discovered" him and launched him in the pages of the newly-founded "Simplicissimus". It would be particularly fascinating for our new "Little Theatrists" to read von Wolzogen's detailed description of how he, as director of the "Freie Literarische Gesellschaft" in Munich in 1897 or thereabouts, staged a performance of "Troilus and Cressida" in purely Shakespearian fashion, with boys in the women's parts, in a replica of the old Globe Theatre.

Professor Dibelius has published a work in two volumes, "England" (Deutsche Verlags Anstalt), which is attracting considerable attention, even abroad. (The "Times" devoted some space and much praise to it only recently.) It is really a remarkably fair minded, clear headed and thorough estimate, singularly free from prejudice, and many English and Americans will be intrigued to read of England through German eyes which see so reasonably.

Georg Kaiser is engaged upon a new play "Nebeneinander" which, according to himself, is to be once more, or more than ever, a flout in the face of all previous stage traditions.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

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THE BOOKMAN'S LITERARY CLUB SERVICE

Due to the complicated nature of the drama program and the fact that members of the committee are so widely scattered, it has been necessary to postpone the publication of the first section of the drama program until the October number. THE BOOKMAN *will present next month, then, the eleventh instalment of its series of literary club programs. Believing that clubs will welcome an outline which combines range of subject with an authoritative understanding of the end to be achieved, the editors have brought together representative committees of authors, students, and critics to present for the use of women's clubs an outline which will contain both elements. The divisions of the series are: I. Contemporary American Fiction (see* THE BOOKMAN *for October, November, December, January); II. Contemporary American Poetry (see* THE BOOKMAN *for March, April, May, June, July, August); III. Contemporary American Drama; IV. The Short Story. After contemporary American literature has been covered, programs on the historical background of our literature will be given and these will be followed by a survey of the English field.*

The BOOKMAN *programs are formed, not by the editors of this magazine but by a board of advice which has been organized to include names from various lines of literary thought in America, so that the result will represent no one group. The executive committee of advice is as follows: Mary Austin, the novelist; Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, librarian of the St. Louis Public Library; Dr. Carl Van Doren, one of the editors of "The Century"; Hon. Maurice Francis Egan, diplomat and literary critic; Mrs. L. A. Miller, chairman of literature, General Federation of Women's Clubs; May Lamberton Becker, of the "Reader's Guide" of the New York "Evening Post"; Dr. Joseph Fort Newton, rector of the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York City; Booth Tarkington, the novelist; and Rose V. S. Berry, chairman of the fine arts committee, General Federation of Women's Clubs.*

The editor of THE BOOKMAN *and his advisers and associates will answer promptly and to the best of their ability any question confronting any literary club. Such questions should be addressed "*THE BOOKMAN'S *Literary Club Service".*

The following are a few of the miscellaneous programs prepared by our service for various clubs across the country.

A CLUB in Texas asks for a program on the Nobel Prize winners.

I have arranged the authors into this program, taking into consideration the amount of material available for each in English and the fact that you had already considered Kipling and Tagore.

1. Sully Prudhomme and Mommsen
2. Björnson
3. Mistral
4. Echegaray
5. Sienkiewicz
6. Carducci and Kipling
7. Lagerlof
8. Eucken and Heyse
9 and 10. Maeterlinck (Two meetings)
11. Hauptmann
12. Tagore (Make this a study of the Gandhi movement)
13. Rolland
14. Heidenstam, Spitteler, etc.
15. Hamsun
16 and 17. Anatole France (Two meetings)
18. Benavente

You will find little of Sully Prudhomme in English, and that scattering, but Mommsen is well represented in the "History of the Roman Republic" (Scribner).

"Three Plays" of Björnson are in Everymans; one is the famous "The Gauntlet". You will find scarcely anything of Mistral out of the Provençal, but the day can be made a fascinating one by a study of the literature and floral games and prizes of Provence. For Echegaray, of course, "El Gran Galeoto". It is often translated, as "The Great Galeoto". The magnificent historical trilogy of Sienkiewicz is published by Little, Brown.

For Carducci you have "Selections from the Poems of Giosue Carducci", translated and annotated by Emily Tribe (Longmans, 1921). Doubleday, Page publishes Lagerlof; I prefer "The Saga of Gösta Berling". Make a study of feminism in Scandinavia here. For Eucken I prefer "Main Currents of Modern Thought" (Scribner) a review of other people's philosophy, though his own is set forth in "Life's Basis and Life's Ideal" (Macmillan). Meyrick Booth's "Rudolph Eucken" (Scribner) is good. Little of Heyse is now in print in English; if you can get his "Mary of Magdala" compare it

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with Maeterlinck's play of that name. Have the first meeting on Maeterlinck as a dramatist — first and second period; the second on Maeterlinck as essayist and philosopher. Use Hauptmann's "Sunken Bell", and "The Weavers"; a complete translation is published for Hauptmann by Huebsch. Centre your Rolland day around "Jean Christophe". He is now publishing a new long novel about a woman; it will be on the plan of "Jean Christophe" and, from the one volume I have read in French, will be fine, but it's not in English yet. Heidenstam has two good short plays, "The Soothsayer", and "The Birth of God," and an excellent historical novel "The Charles Men" (American Scandinavian Foundation). The plays are from the Four Seas Co. "Two Little Misogynists" (Holt), a charming study of children, is, I think the only thing of Spitteler's in English. Heaven only knows why "Pontoppidan", etc., ever got the prize. For Hamsun, "Growth of the Soil"—most of his work is published by Knopf. First France meeting on his work as a novelist — say "Thais" and "The Gods are Athirst"; second as a critic "On Life and Letters" (Lane). The plays of Benavente are published by Scribner and bring the course to a brilliant close.

ALABAMA asks for an interesting outline on the study of psychology.

I do not know what department of psychology your club has been studying, but it is not only quite possible to link contemporary novels and plays with psychology in general but quite impossible to disentangle them. Here, for instance, is a tentative plan for a series of discussions of contemporary novels and plays in which psychological problems are involved:—

1. *Psychoanalysis: its Scope and Application.*
   "Fielding Sargent." By Elsa Barker (Dutton).
   This might be a case-book of a physician using these methods: everything is explained in detail. It is not much as a novel, but one reading it would get a good idea of psychoanalysis in action, and the story is interesting.
2. *"The Judge": a Study of Prenatal Influence.*
   A review and discussion of Rebecca West's "The Judge", (Doran), a novel that ranks among the best of the year. The first volume or rather part of the book is in a much happier vein than the latter, in which a very painful situation develops, involving a mother's involuntary dislike of a child who recalls a dreadful prenatal experience.
3. *May Sinclair as a Psychologist.*
   Review her work since "Mary Olivier", if you wish, or else concentrate on her latest "Anne Severn and the Fieldings" (Macmillan).
4. *The Younger Generation of British Novelists and their Interest in Psychological Themes.*
   Use "Georgian Stories" an excellent collection just published by Putnam, to show the preoccupation of these writers with these subjects. Almost every one is concerned with them.
5. *The Russian Soul as Revealed in Russian Plays.*
   Use the "Moscow Art Theatre Plays" published in one volume by Brentano, and notice the light they cast on Russian psychology.
6. *An Italian Master of Psychological Drama: Luigi Pirandello.*
   His plays have been the sensation of the year, read or given. "Three Plays" is published by Dutton. For your purpose "Henry IV" would be best.
7. *What Constitutes Success? A review of recent novels.*
   Use for this novels that show rich and successful men, and decide whether or not you would call that success. Take, for instance, "Being Respectable" by Grace Flandrau, "His Children's Children" by Arthur Train, and that horror "The Beautiful and Damned" by F. Scott Fitzgerald, which shows a young couple losing every decent trait under the influence of idleness and luxury. Be sure to include some in which a rich man is really "successful" in living, as far as man may be — they will be worth looking for.
8. *The Man of Forty-Six.*
   Contrast Arnold Bennett's "Mr. Prohack" with Hergesheimer's "Cytherea".
9. *The Middle Aged Woman.*
   Rose Macaulay's "Dangerous Ages".
   Margaret Deland's "The Vehement Flame".
10. *The Storms of Youth.*
    Helen Hull's "Quest".
    E. M. Delafield's "Humbug".
    Novels of English public school life.
    Novels of American college life (notice the new one "Town and Gown" about coeducation).

This will give you an idea of how easy it is to arrange a program of contemporary fiction and drama that will recall all you studied in your psychology course and perhaps indicate still further research, while at the same time enlarging your acquaintance with good literature.

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HERE are suggestions on the drama which were sent to a club in the central part of the State.

The Drama Committee has not yet met; but I shall take the liberty of suggesting four rather indefinite programs on the American Drama:

1. *Earlier Drama.* Some of the early melodramas, then Augustus Thomas, Langdon Mitchell, Bronson Howard, William Vaughn Moody, etc.
2. *The One Act Play in America.* Susan Glaspell, O'Neill, etc. Frank Shay's "Contemporary One-Act Plays". Plenty of literature on the Little Theatre Movement.
3. *The Plays of Eugene O'Neill and the Modern Scenic Designer:* Macgowan's book "The Theatre of Tomorrow"; files of "The Theatre Arts Magazine"; collected plays of O'Neill.
4. *The Contemporary Drama.* Study the last season through magazines and published plays (you can find them listed in THE BOOKMAN'S Drama Shelf) and use the new book, "Contemporary American Plays", by Arthur H. Quinn (Scribner), which has five excellent examples.

A SUGGESTED program on "The American Short Story" follows. This is a subject well worth studying.

Here is a suggestion or two which I hope will help you out until our program is published.

1. *History of the short story — a brief review.* What a short story should and should not be. Use "A Manual of the Short Story Art" (Macmillan) or any book on short story writing. Illustrate copiously by brief selections.
2. *The short stories of Washington Irving. The short stories of Nathaniel Hawthorne.*
3. *The tales of Edgar Allan Poe.* Have three papers: *(a)* Detective stories. *(b)* Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque. *(c)* Poems in prose.
4. *The New England Group.* Mary Wilkins, Alice Brown, etc.
5. *The Southern Group.* Amelie Rives, Grace King, etc.
6. *The Western Group.* Bret Harte for the Far West, Octave Thanet for the Middle West, etc.
7. *O. Henry, his life, work and influence.*
8. *The influence of the French.* Show how Maupassant has influenced some of us.
9. *The influence of the Russian.* Show how Chekhov has influenced us. Notice Sherwood Anderson's Russian manner, for instance.
10. *Contemporary Types.* *(a)* The "Saturday Evening Post" story. *(b)* The "Dial" story. *(c)* The "Atlantic Monthly" story. Make studies of these distinctive types and the writers who provide them.
11. *The Editor's Requirements.* Use Jean Wick's book, "Stories Editors Buy and Why"; it will give you material for an interesting program in conclusion.

BECAUSE Scandinavia's place in the sun, as far as literature is concerned, is fixed, we reprint these few suggestions on that country.

An excellent book to keep on hand for information on any of the topics you have chosen is "Scandinavia of the Scandinavians", by H. G. Leach (Scribner). This is a sort of little encyclopædia in a conveniently sized volume ($3.00) with chapters on everything from history and description to cultural activities. The achievements of women have been unusually rapid and well organized in Scandinavia. The best book for an account of this is Katherine Anthony's "Feminism in Germany and Scandinavia" (Holt). This was published just before the war, but the Scandinavian part is still up to the mark. For papers on particular women, I would choose Selma Lagerlof, a Nobel prize winner, and Ellen Key, author of "The Century of the Child", "Love and Marriage" and other widely discussed works, published by Putnam, who also has "Ellen Key: Her Life and Work" by L. Hamilton. If you want to go back a little further, have a paper on the famous Frederika Bremer. For the earlier generation of "Modern Writers" there are Ibsen, Björnsterne Björnson, and Georg Brandes and Strindberg, linking this with the present day, with Knut Hamsun, Bojer, the author of "The Great Hunger" (Moffat), and Martin Andersen Nexö, the author of the fine "Pelle the Conqueror" (Holt). For advice on the general cultural activities, painting, sculpture, etchings, and so on, better write to the American-Scandinavian Foundation, New York City, which I think would tell you where to look to the best advantage. Paintings from this part of the world are especially strong; you will do well to have some reproductions in color, if possible, on hand at the meeting.

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IN THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL

To the Editor of The Bookman:

It has given me pleasure to read Mr. Kreemers's detailed and altogether courteous letter in The Bookman of August. No reply would be necessary were it not for the fact that he injects a bit of misinterpretation and suffers a derailment, as I see it, which I am happy to try to correct.

I derived the bulk of my information from "La Nation Belge" and "La Dépêche" of Toulouse.

I have no thought of requoting all those figures, but as I add them up, there are 4,270,201 people in Belgium who "are able to speak French" as compared with the number given by Mr. Kreemers who are "*able to speak Flemish*", 3,187,073. But the figures part of it I would gladly let go, for like him, I have an inherent distrust of such tables.

If Mr. Kreemers really feels that "Eendracht maakt Macht" is "better" than "L'Union fait la Force", I simply have to give it up. You might as well ask me which tastes better, "Bouillon" or "Suppe".

Regarding the Dutch (the derailment), I am more than with Mr. Kreemers. But I said nothing about them that was uncharitable. Respect for the Dutch language? No man has more than I.

Concerning the terms "Germanic" and "German"—oh, how many times and particularly since the war (in which I served as a junior officer for twenty-two months and fourteen days, at the various posts from the War College in Washington to Coblenz, Germany) have I pointed out, in the lecture room and in print, that there are six outstanding Germanic languages and at least six outstanding Germanic dialects! How many times, recently, have I tried to make it plain to imbecile One Hundred Percenters that German and English, for example, are sister-brother languages.

There is indeed just one compound truth that emerges from Mr. Kreemers's note: he does not like the expression "rather flat and thick" when applied to Flemish. Well, I can see that if a man is sensitive about his mother tongue, as all men are, this is somewhat of a wallop. I apologize. And I do it with especial emphasis, particularly when I see that a man cherishes his mother tongue with intelligent enthusiasm. The expression was based on personal feeling, or experience, and the opinions of many noted men from Longfellow down.

But the real part of this emerging truth is in the "pity" motif. It is a great pity that Ghent had to be converted into a Flemish university. That is to say, it is a great pity that Belgium does not have just one language which all the people speak. Mr. Kreemers himself admits it. I feel that the "Flemish enthusiasts" would have been done an injustice had they not been given a university; but that they have called into existence the greater of two evils by getting it. The fact is, it is a momentous question and to such there are always two sides. It is somewhat like prohibition. I am for prohibition, but I hope I have sense enough to see that prohibition of any kind does a grave injustice to a certain class of people.

Here lies the crux of the whole matter. There is a tremendous amount of seeming injustice in the world that owes its origin to facts over which no human being has any control. One man is born bright and wealthy, another stupid and indigent. One country has no language problem, another has. I for example, reverently and with Coué-like regularity, thank God that I am not a cripple or a woman or a Negro, and that I was born and reared in the United States of old English (father) and old Dutch (mother) stock.

As to Belgium, it is unfortunate that she came into existence with this grave problem on her hands. And I feel that it has been given an unfortunate solution. Had this solution not been found, however, much injustice would have been done to many Flemish *individuals*.

Allen W. Porterfield,
A.B., A.M., Ph.D., (Litt.D. in spe), Professor of German, Randolph-Macon Woman's College

Dear Mr. Farrar:

I have been reading Morris Fishbein on my essay on "Science for the Unscientific" (Bookman, August, 1922). Mr. Fishbein seems to be under the impression that he is disproving everything I said, though as a matter of fact he agrees so completely with me in every essential that I am at a loss to account for his misapprehension of the relation of what he says to what I said.

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My contention was that there will have to be a new kind of science writing adapted to the vast majority of readers who can not follow the language of scientists who write for other scientists.

Mr. Fishbein absolutely agrees with this and cites an excellent example in Mr. Hendrik Van Loon, as well as upholding my own example of Mr. Slosson.

Mr. Van Loon is eminently the type of man I had in mind, the man "immersed to the point of saturation" in history, but making the writer's approach, and succeeding, as Mr. Fishbein concedes, by the concessions he makes to the ignorance of the general reader. Neither Mr. Slosson nor Mr. Van Loon have made their reputations by research, but by their success in interpreting the results of chemical and historical research to the unlettered public. More power to both of them!

Again in reference to Berman's work on glands, I said it was the accepted way of writing science, and protested against it as futile. Mr. Fishbein protests that I am wrong, and then proceeds to say that if I had read the reviews I would have discovered that the book was much praised, which seems to me exactly what I said. Then Mr. Fishbein goes on to prove that the book was very badly written, which was exactly what I also said.

Altogether Mr. Fishbein's article is an excellent example of the muddled, and obstinate misunderstanding of English which makes any sort of intellectual exposition so difficult in the United States, and reduces men like Hendrik Van Loon to the necessity of writing "for the attention and the mind of a child of twelve" which I agree with him will probably have to be adopted by most intellectual writers who would be understood.

Only I supposed in writing for THE BOOKMAN one was reasonably safe.

MARY AUSTIN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

May I be permitted a few brief comments on Mr. Morris Fishbein's article, "Autotherapy", in your December issue.

M. Coué is rightly quoted as saying that "the mentally undeveloped, who are not capable of understanding what you say to them", are difficult to help by means of autosuggestion, and from this Mr. Fishbein argues that my account of Mlle. Kauffmant's extraordinary success in applying autosuggestion to infants must be, to put it bluntly, bunkum. But M. Coué's allusion is to people who can be taught to practise autosuggestion for themselves. One does not, however, attempt to teach infants in arms to practise autosuggestion for themselves; the results obtained are by direct treatment.

M. Coué's method, says Mr. Fishbein, is hocuspocus. No doubt he is familiar with some of the following names — which are those of members of the committee which invited M. Coué to London in November, 1921 — The Dean of Chester, Dr. Crichton Miller, Sir Alfred Fripp, Dr. J. A. Hadfield, and Sir Robert Armstrong Jones. Would Mr. Fishbein regard these gentlemen as the confederates or as the victims of M. Coué's conspiracy?

Mr. Fishbein tells us that "M. Coué's laws, his conceptions, his methods and beliefs conflict repeatedly with the proved facts of anatomy and pathology", and adds a few lines later: "He (M. Coué) has not contradicted any of the known facts of medical science." At least Mr. Fishbein seems to have contradicted himself.

C. HARRY BROOKS,
Author of "The Practice of Autosuggestion".

DEAR SIR:

I have the honor to be one in a long line of ministers. There have been almost a dozen clergymen in my family in the last fifty years. An extended residence in Princeton, where my father was pastor of one of the town churches, brought me very early in childhood, in intimate touch with the homes of some very distinguished men. I shall treasure as long as life lasts, my memories of the table talks, to which I listened with unfailing joy, both at my own father's hospitable board, and in the homes of his friends and parishioners.

Probably in the eyes of the present generation, the distinguished divines, just referred to, would be considered of the strictest sect of the Pharisees. They are probably classed by the average man and woman of today, with that group of people who are historically associated with every type of rigidity and austerity. The fact is, however, that never, since my Princeton days, have I ever listened at any table to such a flow of kindly and yet side-splitting wit and humor, as it was my great privilege to enjoy at that time. Moreover, my ministerial experience of over a quarter of a century, during which I have lived and labored in five very different localities, and have consequently come in intimate contact with all sorts of conditions of men and women, has convinced me that the average clergymen of today is perpetuating, in a fine way, the characteristics of past ministerial generations, to which I have made reference above, and which Jean Carter Cochran has so faithfully reflected in "The Starch of Puritanism" in the November BOOKMAN.

LEWIS S. MUDGE, D.D.

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

WALKING along Forty-eighth Street the other evening we met a dramatic critic. He was on his way to review the first performance of "Two Fellows and a Girl". There was a late and brilliant sunset. Into this scarlet glow he walked briskly, swinging his cane, his dark eyes alight with expectancy. It was George Jean Nathan. "And where are you going?" said the co-editor of "The Smart Set". "We are going to the theatre", said we. "Don't go to that theatre", said he. "You won't be able to stand it!" Coming from Mr. Nathan, we naturally paid little attention to this advice. However, he was absolutely right. We were bound for the Lyceum Theatre and "The Fashions for 1924". As we look forward to a season of heavy theatre-going we naturally survey the dramatic critics with curiosity. Now Mr. Nathan likes few plays. Quite right. Few plays are worth liking intellectually. Yet we think that a critic should be like a sponge, possessing an ability to absorb any kind of liquid proffered. Mr. Nathan is not like a sponge. A critic should be a mirror for the great American public. In him, the taxi-cab driver should be able to recognize his own ideas. Mr. Nathan hasn't the ideas of a taxi-cab driver. A critic should be, we aver, no critic at all; but an appreciator. We shall attend the theatre with the mind and the heart of a child this season, open to receive whatever the managers care to give. We shall try not to be bored and we shall watch the sleek back of Mr. Nathan's head knowing well that we are having a far, far better time of it than he is, even though we don't know so much.

George Jean Nathan

We have had many literary Utopias. Plato, Cervantes, Dr. Johnson all took a flier in ideal government and now Freeman Tilden comes along with a genial and humorous document called "Mr. Podd". Tilden has written many business short stories. His "Khaki", which appeared at the close of the war and achieved no popular sale, is said by those who read it to have been an excellent piece of work. At any rate, the novel is amusing indeed. Mr. Tilden is a short, brisk, determined gentleman who is as exclusively a New Englander as we have met in many months. He likes people from New England. He approves of New England. He is from Boston and he would like New England to be just as much like old England as possible. This is a healthy enough attitude when combined with a sense of humor. We don't like to see these wishy-washy Connecticut Yankees who are willing to admit that there is anything remotely resembling culture west of the

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Alleghenies. Why not be a believer *à l'outrance* in the home folks? That this story of a millionaire who decides to have a government all his own is a picture of Henry Ford, Mr. Tilden denies. That it is reminiscent of the "Peace Ship" idea he admits. He wishes it firmly to be understood that his book is not propaganda for capitalism or for any other *ism* except common sense. If written against anything it is those elaborate new and freakish *isms* which seem to be the curses of modern civilization. "It is directed", he told us, "against no honest social philosophy; but against those absurd idealists whom I chose to place in the 'lunatic fringe'." At any rate, quite apart from dogma or propaganda, the novel is filled with laughter which, in these seasons of strenuous realism, is a relief. Mr. Tilden is now at work on another book of a quite different character. He is spending the summer months in our native state, gazing at the green mountains, drawing his inspirations from the corn fields and the maple groves. He likes it because the people you meet on the street look, talk and act like New England.

Henry Beston swept into the "Gossip Shop" this morning. Henry Beston is a young gentleman of parts, and an author of ability. You will remember him as the gentleman who wrote "Full Speed Ahead" and "The Volunteer Poilu" during the war. Since then he has written numerous fairy tales for children. The first collection of these was "The Firelight Fairy Book"; the second, which, he tells us, is of a different character, will be called "The Starlight Wonder Book". Beston is large, broad and yet bubbling. He sparks energy. It seems he was en route for a submarine cruise, being in the reserves branch of that service. "You see," he told us, "a submarine is the only place one can escape modern progress. After all there is nothing under the sea but fish, water and weeds." This seemed a bit odd. His description of the depth bombing of his submarine during the war was vivid enough. The only man in the crew who was particularly upset was the cook. "When the explosion was over, the lights went on, and it was apparent that we had not been seriously affected. He stood looking sadly at the table before him, on which was a sticky mass of yellow and white. 'It broke the eggs for the captain's breakfast!'" Beston is a curiously contradictory person. He varies from hard boiled adventures in the army and navy to intellectualities at tea time in that stronghold of determined conservatism, the Boston Authors' Club. His home at Spotsfield, Massachusetts, is the best example of a seventeenth century house in English-speaking America. It, like the submarine, has no telephone. He is less a New Englander in some ways than Freeman Tilden; yet more so, in spirit, we fancy. His stories are as filled with drolleries as his life is with contrasts.

The death of Maurice Hewlett takes away one of this drab century's gayest lovers of chivalry and romance, a master of fantasy, a really earnest student of folk lore, a poet of charm. We shall not soon forget "The Forest Lovers", "New Canterbury Tales", "Richard Yea-and-Nay". What a contrast was John Siddall, the editor of "The American Magazine"! He was one of the great editors. His magazine grew under his leadership with astonishing rapidity. The story of his keeping

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steadily at work after he knew that he was dying, of his preferring to live three months in the harness rather than a year resting, has already been told abroad. He was faithful, then, to the idealism his publication represented. His great success lay in his understanding of the American mass mind. He knew the heroes we worship and he gave us material to bolster up that worship. A brave, a brilliant and a forceful man, whose success proved that his analysis of life, however sentimental, found a sound responsive chord in the heart of America.

Several years ago, before he had admitted that he wrote "West of the Water Tower", before he had written it, when he was the author of "Boone Stop" and various humorous efforts, we met Homer Croy. He has not changed. He is still the mild mannered gentleman from Missouri who wears a Windsor tie and has a twinkle in his calm eye. On the surface he is the most modest of authors and we believe that he is sincere in this. He is a hard worker, too. "If I hadn't sold 'West of the Water Tower' to the motion pictures, I probably wouldn't have had the courage to destroy the first part of my new novel", he told us. Well, even with the solace of motion picture remuneration, the destruction of thirty thousand words of a novel is a deed of superhuman patience. "West of the Water Tower", by the way, we hear, is to be the next picture for Glenn Hunter, his first under a new contract with the Famous Players. The new Homer Croy novel is to be a story of farm life in Missouri. Northern Missouri he tells us has both the characteristics of the North and the South. It is new country, it still has pioneer qualities. This novel will be thoroughly modern, too. Its background will not be like that of "Vandemark's Folly" or the Hamlin Garland books. Homer Croy's farm will have silos and radios. It will attempt to interpret the farmer as he is today. Homer Croy is really

Homer Croy

the nicest anonymous author we've ever met. The trials of anonymity have not been so great to him; for most critics praised his book highly, and it has been well received by the public. It is even now being made into a play, we hear. Alas! We once wrote an anonymous book and every friend we have in the world pronounced it thoroughly bad. Most of our time since then has been spent in concealing the fact that we had anything at all to do with this negative masterpiece.

The June and the July issues of "The Adelphi" lie in their pale yellow covers on our desk. This is a new monthly English periodical which John Middleton Murry is editing, and which, we hear, is being a sudden success. Quite naturally; for it is brilliant without being particularly normal. It is

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what might be called an emotional magazine. Mr. Murry will perhaps be known as the "sob sister" among the sophisticated *littérateurs*. He has marshaled an extraordinary list of contributors, among them Tomlinson, Bennett, Wells, Swinnerton, Harold Laski, and John Galsworthy, to say nothing of two efforts from our usually sensational friend, D. H. Lawrence. Certainly an interesting array, nor can anyone say in justice that they have given him inferior material. It is largely a question of taste, and, unusual for an Englishman, Mr. Murry seems to us in several instances to have erred from the path of the fitting. That the world grieves with him at the loss of his brilliant wife, Katherine Mansfield, there can be no doubt. That it will deplore the publication of certain portions of her intimate diaries in the pages of his own magazine, there can also be no doubt. In both numbers his personal articles — he does not care to have them called editorials — are revealing and bordering on the sentimental. Of this he is aware. Perhaps it is this quality of naïve disclosure that will make his magazine popular. It is just as if Heywood Broun should say suddenly, snapping his fingers at the Hotel Algonquin, "What do I care for you?", and proceed to publish a magazine in which he bared to the world the processes of his singularly child-like and occasionally sentimental soul. Take it all in all, this sort of thing is rather embarrassing. We might have expected it in America — but in London. Ah, no!

What happened then? Ah, if I could tell you that, I should tell you a secret indeed. But a moment came when the darkness of that ocean changed to light, the cold to warmth; when it swept in one great wave over the shores and frontiers of my self; when it bathed me and I was renewed; when the room was filled with a presence, and I knew I was not alone — that I never could be alone any more, that the universe beyond held no menace, for I was part of it, that in some way for which I had sought in vain so many years, I *belonged*, and because I belonged, I was no longer I, but something different, which could never be afraid in the old ways, or cowardly with the old cowardice. And the love I had lost was still mine, but now more durable, being knit into the very substance of the universe I had feared. And the friends whose words had been so meaningless were bound to me, and I to them, for ever. And if it should prove that I had a work to do, or a part to play, I should no longer draw back at the last.

We have recently been fortunate enough several times to have long talks with Dr. Joseph Collins who has lately turned his physician's mind to the analyzing of authors in his "The Doctor Looks at Literature". Dr. Collins is a spare, clean cut, sandy haired gentleman, who likes his golf game and sail boats. He is a well

Dr. Joseph Collins

known neurologist. He is a vivacious reader. He is something of a literary critic. He was a major during the war. His published books vary from monographs on mental diseases to "Idling in Italy". What a fascinating thing it is, to be sure, to possess the background and the ability to probe

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the minds of men. Dr. Collins, at the same time that he tells you he thinks such and such an author is mentally unbalanced may at the same time tell you that his work is technically excellent, that his gift is a great one. That insanity and genius are closely allied is not a new discovery. Yet this combined interest that we found in Dr. Collins is as unusual as it is stimulating. Last evening he told us that he had just been reading the works of a young playwright of our acquaintance. "Undoubtedly an authentic genius!" he said. We agreed. "What is he like?" asked the doctor. As nearly as we could we gave him our impressions, something of the exotic background, something of the great magnetism, something of the methods of work. "Apparently", then said Dr. Collins, "he has somewhat the same emotional equipment as Dostoevsky". What a remarkable game this is! Just now, the doctor is at work on American writers. To him, whether a man can write or not is quite as important as what he writes about, a thing unusual enough among present day critics. Perhaps this is due to the fact that he has found genius often enough in people who had no ability to express it. A writer with the emotional equipment of a Dostoevsky, probably will never write another "Crime and Punishment". The mind after all is more or less a gift of Satan. What good the emotional and mental equipment if we do not honestly attempt to learn how to use the tools of our trade? One is useless without the other — and who can say that they are not equally important?

We are under the impression that most of the pictures now on exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum are permanent acquisitions, but there was no catalog to confirm our belief. Among the watercolors, and they were a splendid collection, we recognized some of Boris Anisfeld's, glowing with rich color like all his things, which were in the glorious Russian exhibit, held at the museum last winter. A great many of the pictures are familiar. Here are Monet, Gauguin, Cezanne, and Augustus John. Degas is well represented. We have never cared particularly for the accessories of the country, such as cows and sheep and peasants, and have always wondered why some people choose them exclusively as subjects. For instance, we know the nicest man who never paints anything but cows, spotted or brindled or plain, Jerseys or Holsteins, but always cows. Therefore we were surprised to discover that a nude, one of the loveliest things there, was by Millet. We had always associated his name solely with "The Angelus" and with "The Sower", familiar to schoolroom walls. It is very pleasant that the New York galleries are holding summer exhibitions. The one at the Brummer gallery is particularly happy. All the spirit of outdoors seems to be in Allen Tucker's white birch against the blue sky. The Grand Central Art Gallery is also open all summer. We understand that the pictures and sculpture are changed from time to time. Possibly it is dangerous advice to suggest a visit when passing through the station — you might forget your train.

Some kind reader has suggested that we publish each month a discussion of the short stories in the various other magazines. It is a good suggestion; but now that we are seeing all the plays, all the motion pictures; supposedly reading all the books, and looking at the poetry in the magazines, we rather hesitate to take on

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anything more. However, we are searching for someone else to oblige. How long could a man, we wonder, survive reading all of the short stories in the American magazines. Edward J. O'Brien, editor of the "Best Short Stories of —", etc., is still living, of course! There were several magnificent poems in the August magazines, particularly "A Dracula of the Hills" by Amy Lowell in "Century" and "Thetis" by H. D. in "Poetry". Also we liked "Walls" by Hervey Allen in "Voices", "Ditch-Diggers" by Babette Deutsch in "The New Republic" and "Crystals" by Djuna Barnes in that same magazine.

Apparently the meeting of the P. E. N. Club in London was a success. Our delegates are now beginning to return with their stories of it. Next year's meeting is to be in New York City when the American Center will entertain those of the other nations. The English Center, in May of this year, acting as hosts, gave a dinner to visitors from other centers at the Hotel Savoy in London.

A raised speakers' table ran across the head of the room and eleven other tables, representing Belgium, Barcelona, Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, France, Italy, Madrid, Norway, Roumania, Sweden and the United States, were arranged in front of these. At the head table were: St. John Ervine, Sinclair Lewis, Clemence Dane, J. C. Squire, Herman Heyermans, George Bernard Shaw, Rebecca West, H. G. Wells, Romain Rolland, Nicolas Joiga, Johan Bojer, Countess Russell ("Elizabeth"), Sir James Barrie, John Galsworthy, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Israel Zangwill, J. D. Beresford, John Drinkwater, Ramon Perez De Ayala, R. D. Cunninghame Graham, J. Middleton Murry, May Sinclair, W. L. Courtney, Sheila Kaye-Smith, A. P. Herbert.

In addition to the Americans at the speakers' table, Frazier Hunt, Boardman Robinson, John Cournos, Maxwell Aley and Joseph Anthony were present. Kate Douglas Wiggin, the official representative of the American Center of P. E. N., was unable to attend the dinner on account of serious illness. She, however, sent a telegram which was read by Mr. John Galsworthy.

The others present included Cynthia Stockley, Mrs. Dawson-Scott (Founder of P. E. N.), Lewis Hind, Emile Cammaerts, Lewis Pierrard, Mary Webb, Amber Reeves, Count Dohalsky, Dr. Zocadlo, Violet Hunt, Charles Du Bos, Nancy Cunard, Michael Sadleir, Antonio Cippico, Beatrice Harraden, V. Sackville-West, Elizabeth Robins, Dr. Maranon, Austin Harrison, Mr. Capelan (the Norwegian publisher), Stephen Graham, Stacy Aumonier, Lloyd Osbourne, E. T. Raymond, E. O. Hoppé.

Since the usual after dinner speech is strictly taboo in the rules of the P. E. N., Mr. Galsworthy, after a word of greeting to the visitors, called for only brief responses from a few of the representative writers from other countries. Romain Rolland spoke in French lauding the international aims of P. E. N. and expressing his satisfaction that such a meeting could take place within so short a time after the World War. Several German authors had been invited to attend but, for reasons unknown, none of them finally came. Rolland expressed regret that Germany was not represented and also that there was no representative from Russia. Johan Bojer spoke briefly for Norway, Emile Cammaerts for Belgium, Dr. Zocadlo for Czecho-Slovakia and Charles Du Bos as a second speaker from France.

On the day following the dinner (May 2) the visitors were taken to Stratford in a special train. After visits to the Shakespeare birthplace, the church and luncheon, a special performance of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" was given at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre by the Festival Company.

On the evening of May 3, the visitors were given a theatre party to see Eugene O'Neill's "Anna Christie", regarded by the English committee as the most notable play then running in London. Mr. O'Neill is a charter member of the American Center of P. E. N.

The theatrical season actually became sleepy in July. We saw several plays in rehearsal and marvelled at the patience or the stupidity of authors and the acumen and ability of certain directors. We saw also rough prints of various motion pictures, learned how they are cut and retitled and whipped into shape for public consumption. We worked violently

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on our own play, which we suppose everyone else in the world is doing just now. We produced our first movie, with a willing house party as participants and an enthusiastic young politician as camera man. We haven't yet seen the film; but the climax was original as having a young lady and her escort fall into a pool (beautifully located in a sunken garden) — closeup of splashing and spluttering and the anti-climax was an automobile chase — to say nothing of a criminal conspiracy. We think it should be called, this first effort of ours, "The Family Jewls" (stet). Who knows an entertaining place for supper after the theatre in New York City which is not the conventional dance and soft-light variety? Suddenly, we found that having been a hard working man for weeks, we had totally forgotten how to play, and when Thomas Beer, wearied by correcting proofs of his biography of Stephen Crane, was loudly demanding relaxation, we knew not which way to turn. So we sat down to listen to Mr. Beer talk. This, for the nonce, was relaxation enough. Suddenly he quoted a paragraph. "Alas," said we, "what is that, Ethel M. Dell?" "No", said he, "listen to it again!"

> The boat reappeared but brother and sister had gone down in an embrace never to be parted: living through again in one supreme moment the days when they had clasped their little hands in love, and roamed the daisied fields together.

"Alas," said we, "it must be Gene Stratton-Porter."

"The closing paragraph of the final chapter of that famous novel, 'The Mill on the Floss'," said he.

Well! Well!

The prize for this month's "Review of a Review" goes to J. De Lancey Ferguson, although we disagree most heartily with his conclusions. Next month the reward for a two hundred fifty word critique of some review or piece of criticism (not necessarily in THE BOOKMAN) will be a copy of Dr. Collins's "The Doctor Looks at Literature". Mr. Ferguson's review (he is apparently a professor at Ohio Wesleyan University) follows:

> Mr. Jones has discovered one of the weak spots in Mrs. Austin's lines, and then has committed the fatal tactical error of failing to press home his attack. His failure is the more serious because he had two opportunities to consolidate his position, and missed them both.
>
> He makes his first slip in discussing Mrs. Austin's assertion that iambic is the "rhythm of privilege". Now, if we grant Mrs. Austin's contention that all poetic rhythms have their physical basis in the simple acts of daily life, it is obvious at once that, far from relating to "privilege", both the iambic and the trochaic originate from the simplest and most elemental of all acts, that of walking. Both are merely the *left-right, left-right,* of marching men, and the predominance of the iambic over the trochaic in English verse is due solely to the nature of the language, with its multitude of unaccounted prepositions and articles.
>
> The reviewer's second mistake is his failure to note that Mrs. Austin has been signally unable to prove her theories in her own practice. The rhythm of the poem he quotes is simply a somewhat irregular blank-verse, and a surprisingly large number of the other poems in the volume reduce on analysis to irregular dactylic hexameters. Thus it would seem that both "Samson Agonistes" and "Evangeline" are Amerindian in their rhythms, though Mrs. Austin can scarcely have intended to prove this point. Fortunately her poetry is better than her philosophy.

We have been talking with two young Americans who have returned from long sojourns abroad. Dorothy Speare, whose "The Gay Year" is about to be published, is now well on the way to being an opera singer which is her chief ambition. She will return to Nice in the winter, and will make her début there, if we remember

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correctly, in "La Bohème". She is as lovely to behold as when she sailed for Europe last autumn. The remaining marks of college girl ideas of life seem to have vanished. When she brings her new wisdom to bear on the problems of the American flapper, it is hard to say just what will result. This summer she is writing a play, short stories, a novel, and studying singing at Schroon Lake. An amazingly vital young woman, this! Joseph Anthony whose "The Gang" made a favorable impression on critics both here and in England is an amusingly different type. Anthony has been representing the Century company in England for many months. He is a quiet observing young man, with only one desire in the world, apparently, and that is to find time to write a new novel. His stories of experiences in England were many. Of all these his meeting with Thomas Hardy impressed us most. What contrast this must have been, the young American who writes tellingly and with realism of New York's East Side street life and the aged novelist of Wessex. Anthony says that Hardy has achieved an impersonality regarding life and literature that is breath taking. Interested in what the young are doing and in what goes on about him, he yet brings to it a perspective that is hampered by no querulousness, by no hardening of the sympathies; but rather by a growing tolerance and a deepening sweetness.

Up near 137th Street and Broadway there is a stadium that will remind you of the old Roman amphitheatres in case you have the energy these hot nights (and are in New York, of course) to bus or subway to those parts to hear the Philharmonic Orchestra. Not that the structure itself is colossal; but one night recently, with its stone pillars gleaming white under the arc-lights, and its tiers of stone steps massed with fluttering draperies; facing a Maxfield Parrish sky and moon, and under the spell of an enthusiasm that these lovers of music vented on a new violinist who had braved the intricacies and sheer beauty of a Tschaikovsky violin suite, there was a magic that was not of this world entirely, in spite of the characteristic "American Polonaise" by Reiser, a nervous little man of about sixty years of age who, bowing from the pit, acknowledged the applause of the pleased Yankees to whom the spirit of jazz and the Negro strains were so familiar. In Europe where anything typically American seems to have an appeal, this composition should make a great killing. The author of "Our Little Girl" took us out. This is his sphere, and he has a curious way of watching one for the effect the music is producing. "Bob" Simon is a gay young author who has no interest in the so-called younger generation and its prodigious problems. He is more interested in collaborating with various people who make our popular dance tunes, and he wrote the words for "Dancing in the Dark" (named after Dorothy Speare's first novel), from the late "Jack and Jill". He has a nine-year-old cousin, Betty, who displays a great deal of scorn for him as an author. She thinks "Our Little Girl" not such a good book. "You haven't used any long words", she complains, and she has catalogued all the pages on which he has used "h — ll". In spite of her, he is going up into the silent places of Massachusetts to finish his second book, a detective novel which we suppose he, like all good authors, will publish anonymously.

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